ERICAN RELIGION

AS I SEE IT LIVED

URRIS JENKINS

JUN 12 1956

AMERICAN RELIGION AS I SEE IT LIVED

OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

HEROES OF FAITH

THE MAN IN THE STREET AND RELIGION

THE PROTESTANT

FACING THE HINDENBURG LINE

IT HAPPENED OVER THERE

PRINCESS SALOME

THE BRACEGIRDLE

THE DRIFT OF THE DAY

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO PROTESTANTISM

AMERICAN RELIGION AS I SEE IT LIVED

By

Burris Jenkins

LIBRARY OF
United Theological Seminary
277.3
J52
44.194

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Indianapolis
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
Publishers

COPYRIGHT, 1930
BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

FIRST EDITION

Printed in the United States of America

PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO., INC.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

To

My Associate and "Timothy,"

JOSEPH MYERS,

indefatigable, perspicacious, valiant,

this book is affectionately inscribed.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

JUN 12 1958

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	My Task	11
II	My Credentials	20
III	By the Side of the Road	40
IV	The Lowest Terms of Faith	60
V	The Church a Necessary Nuisance	80
VI	Fishing on Sunday	101
VII	Religion Outside and Inside Churches	120
VIII	What Are We Afraid Of?	141
IX	Youth As I See It Lived	159
X	Ten Commandments for Boys	179
XI	Matrimony As I See It Lived	202
XII	Why People Suffer and How	221
XIII	The Pressure of the Herd	239
XIV	Short-Cuts	252
XV	"You Are Crazy!"	274

AMERICAN RELIGION AS I SEE IT LIVED

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

AMERICAN RELIGION AS I SEE IT LIVED

CHAPTER I

MY TASK

OFTEN of recent years, in words spoken and written, I have advanced the idea, not original with me, that the American people seems, consciously or unconsciously, to be engaged in weaving a philosophy of life made up of two principal elements: first, a restoration of the ancient Greek love and worship of beauty and well-being; and second, the application of the ethics of Jesus, his idealisms, his aspirations, his harmony with things seen and unseen. This theme underlies my book; sometimes, it may seem to the reader, very deeply under, but, I hope, always possible to trace.

I am setting out in this book to serve as a reporter, telling only what I have seen and heard, with what appear to me the inevitable deductions to be drawn from such rather autobiographical material. I can say of virtually all the people I have ever known that they seem to me to be religious. Whether they declare it or not,

believe it or not, know it or not, they still give evidence to an observing eye of instinctive and incurable religious tendencies and habits. Whether these habits are inherited, or whether they belong in the very fiber of all human beings, does not for the moment concern me, although I believe the latter to be the truth; for we confront the condition and not the theory.

The middle of this continent where I have spent most of my days, the heart of America, prevailingly blue and gold, resembles Attica in at least some particulars, such as climatic conditions, clarity of atmosphere, electrical sunlight, illimitable depths of blue and cloudless sky, air now lazy with heat and now tingling with frost; so why should it be strange that this modern and supposedly practical people should be groping backward—or is it forward—to find this double thread of the love of beauty on the one hand and the mystic aspiration after harmony on the other hand, to make of them the pattern of its life? Without doubt America possesses the highest standard of living, the greatest degree of well-being, that the world has ever seen in any land; therefore it has the leisure increasingly to feed its spirit with beauty and with aspiration. Taking the materials closest at hand, the folk heritage of the continent, America begins to mold them into an art of its own, a literature and a poetry of its own, an architecture and a music of its own. Some say they see in our pyramided sky-scrapers an

unconscious imitation of the Indian wigwam or teepee. Perhaps all of us can see the effect of Negro plantation harmonies upon the growing body of American musical production; but perhaps we can not so readily discern the influence of the colored race in slowing up the tempo of American life, which needs to be slowed, God knows, nor the more genial and kindly philosophy of life and acceptance of circumstances, which our fifteen millions of black people are carrying over into the texture which we weave.

This new humanism which we read and hear so much about these days, may it not be playing an important part at the loom? It exalts personality; it revolts against a naturalism, a mechanism, that would reduce this world and all the worlds to a blind and grinding contrivance without a contriver, in which little man appears not as a cog, but a bit of dust that counts for nothing. Humanism regards personality as the one greatest miracle of all, the unexplained and inexplicable element in an order that otherwise may be diagrammed, weighed and measured by mathematics and the natural sciences. This humanism goes a part of the way, the Greek part of the way, toward the ideal at which we aim, and it goes a part of the way along the other branch, the self-respect and the self-discipline of Jesus who held more strongly than anybody before him, and maybe anybody since, to the value, the dignity, the inviolability and, finally, the in-

destructibility of every human being, no matter how obscure.

The human mind yearns for peace, for rest, for anchorage. Even when it does not know where it is going or at what point it stands upon the way, it wants to find itself and settle down a while for a rest. Some of the pioneers in the new science of psychology tell us that the whole career of man is one long search for equilibrium, for rest. From the time when he emerges from the womb clear on to the day when he finds his sleep in the grave, man journeys and works and battles for rest. In keeping with this fact, an ancient poet sings about his soul that would quiet itself like a weaned child upon its mother's breast. During the World War I heard wounded men of all nationalities, in delirium, moaning or crying for their mothers like hurt children. Abnormal cases, the psychiatrists tell us, dream of curling up once more in the warmth, the security, the unconscious peace of prenatal days in the mother's womb. The mark of culture, it is said, is the suspended mind, but even the most cultivated and highly trained desire to find assured conclusions, fatigued by allowing their minds to swing and sway for ever in doubt, inquiry and suspense.

Such a highly cultivated man, thoroughly American, one of our leading literary men, said to me the other day, "What we want to know, what I want to know, is what can an intelligent and informed man believe?" My task

in this book plainly presents itself: to report how I see people act and react to their more or less unformulated religious opinions, and thus to reveal what they seem to believe and what they can and do believe, whether intelligent and informed or not. I do not wish to prescribe a credo for anybody, or even to set forth a credo of my own; but when I venture here to make an answer to this literary man's inquiry, perhaps involuntarily I am putting out my own credo. I believe it, however, to be the intellectual ground upon which most Americans, churched and especially unchurched, stand:

Nobody, in the light of our scientific findings, can any longer hold to a fiat creation, taking six days or sixty. Nobody knows the antiquity of this earth or of human life upon it. There never was a first pair, Adam and Eve, all finished, hairless of body, and smooth and white. Man came by slow gradations, and through thousands, maybe millions, of years, up from the slime of the swamps, probably in the Gobi Desert, little by little from all fours to a standing posture. No informed person can any longer think of a creator who, once upon a time, built this big starry universe, gave it a shove, set it a-rolling and then went off and left it. Evolution is the word, no longer a theory but an established fact, apes or no apes, monkeys or no monkeys. We may have come by some other road, nobody knows, but certainly a long road.

The Hebrew Bible, then, the Old Testament, becomes for us merely the body of Hebrew folk-lore, poetic, beautiful, but mythical and legendary, which grew out of the smoke from camp-fires when a people with a love and a genius for religion kept their sheep and their cattle on the plains of Mesopotamia. From Abraham down to David, the great patriarchal characters who figure in this body of folk-lore personify tribal movements, epochs and emergencies in the history of a pastoral people. From David on, roughly about 1000 B.C., the story becomes more or less historical. The kings that followed David really lived, and perhaps in about the order in which their exploits and their tragedies develop in the narrative.

The man Jesus undoubtedly lived. Scientific scholarship, as able as that in any other field, has proved to the conviction of all but wilful minds the historicity of Jesus. Barring certain fanciful and miraculous elements, such as his virgin birth, his arbitrary works of wonder, like the poetic story of water made into wine and of the coin in the fish's mouth, substantially the story of his life and his teaching bears the marks of truth. He grew up a carpenter at Nazareth, absorbed with silent ponderings upon the profoundest questions affecting human personality. He started out at about thirty to become a wayside teacher and prophet of religion. His words, reproduced years afterward from

memory or from notes—even shorthand existed at the time—appear in the Gospels very much as he spoke them. Revolutionary as those words were then, and are now, idealistic to the highest degree economically and sociologically, they drew down upon him the enmity of the rulers of his day, even as they would draw down enmity now upon the head of any who sought strictly to apply them. He paid for his prophetic office with his life.

We must take such a historical character at his face value, at his own cool estimate of himself. He called himself Son of God, but more often he called himself Son of Man. Humanist to the core, he identified himself with humanity, its longings and aspirations, its joys and sorrows, its beliefs and its rights to believe. He said of himself—and an intelligent man can believe him—that he was the picture of God. He called God what many others had called Him but never convincingly, "Father." He taught the world to address God as "Father," and to such effect that at least half the world addresses Him so, and more and more people take up the appellation every day.

The essence of his teaching concerning human relationships resides in the phrase "Kingdom of God," or better to our western minds, "Family of God," or as Josiah Royce, of Harvard, put it, "The Beloved Community." Such attitudes and relations should exist, he

believes, between man and all his fellows as exist in a well-adjusted and well-ordered family. The only universal command he gave is, "Thou shalt love;" and if a person doubts whether love can be summoned upon command, he has only to search his own heart and find out when he loves himself, how much he respects himself, when he dislikes himself, and understand that he is to love his neighbor as he loves himself, no more no less. Then he has only to search the words and the acts of Jesus to see that he was not very fond of everybody—the ruling classes, for example—but that he had good-will for everybody, whether he liked them or not. A certain American philosopher, an old teacher of mine at Yale, Dr. Samuel Harris, defined love as "good-will regulated by reason." We can, upon command, summon good-will toward everybody, whether we like to be with them or not, whether we have ever seen them or not. Jesus is reasonable.

In these few words I believe I have stated the real religious creed of most Americans, the central and essential elements of present-day American belief. Many corollaries spring from this central stem, concerning rewards and punishments, ultimate and universal salvation, personal survival after death; but the person of Jesus, his teachings and his life—that is the real creed of America, as far as more than half a century of the observation of this reporter extends. Intertwined with

this thread of crimson that comes from Nazareth, goes that other thread of gold and blue which derives from sunny Greece, weaving and twisting as the two strands do in the Fourth Gospel, called the Gospel of John, the favorite Gospel, I dare to say, of the American people. The result ought to be, let us hope it may be, a restoration of the lost radiance of Christianity, the fulfilment of almost the last words of Jesus, "My joy I leave with you."

Principal L. P. Jacks, of Manchester College, Oxford, gave us that phrase, "the lost radiance of Christianity." I met him last summer, listened to him speak, and talked with him over tea in that all but empty little college at Oxford. I looked at the list of students on the bulletin-board in the hall, thirteen in all. What is the odds how few or how many of all England come to sit at the feet of that rosy-cheeked, quiet little man? He has flooded America, at least, with that golden phrase of his, "the lost radiance." Perhaps the radiance was already in America, or dawning there or growing there; but at least he has made us increasingly conscious of it. We are taking the somber religion that our Puritan fathers knew and are retouching it with the glory that was Greece.

CHAPTER II

MY CREDENTIALS

When I was a schoolboy here in the heart of America, where we had the golden air of Greece and all we lacked was the blue sea and "the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sang," we used to chant Lord Byron's song:

> "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
> Give, oh, give me back my heart!
> Or, since that has left my breast,
> Keep it now and take the rest!"

Does this indicate an unconscious groping, on the part of rough, untutored western boys, after the Athenian theme? Or is the idea only fanciful?

For nearly a quarter of the nineteenth century and more than a quarter of the twentieth, I have been a student of religion. Not that I have been an expert in the art—for religion is more art than science, a skilled way of living rather than a body of knowledge or of thought. Mostly in the Middle West of America I have observed the practice of religion, for at Kansas City in Missouri I first drank water, the limestone water of the cliffs; and

this "Heart of America" has gone deep into my being, become bone of my bone, blood of my blood.

The first seven years, the psychologists tell us, are the all-important years; so perhaps it was inevitable from early environment that religion should become, as college people say, my major in the course of life. My father—a type of those pioneers who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, came into the West with coon-skin caps, long-barreled squirrel rifles, and nothing but an ax at the saddle bow, a part of a movement not altogether unlike the odyssey which Ulysses and his daring band pursued upon the sea—my father was an elder in the Disciples (or Campbellite) church, a trustee of a struggling little denominational college, a member of the board of a still more struggling religious journal. My mother was a "sister" in the little old red brick church with the white portico which stood high upon a hill in the edge of the little frontier town. Some of my earliest recollections cluster round that church, long ago supplanted by tall structures at the busiest corner of a third-class city.

"Grandma Eades" taught our class of boys when we were four or five years old. Very saintly she seemed to me then, very holy, as no doubt she was, and terribly old in her black silk gown and her little black bonnet fringed with white lace; probably she was as old as I am now. We had great pity for her in our hearts be-

cause—and we mentioned it only in whispers—her only son, with whom she lived, was a gambler. We did not know exactly what that was, but as I saw him often coming out of their little cottage rather late in the forenoon and starting down-town, his clothes immaculate, better than anybody else's I knew, his brown beard perfectly cut and brushed, his eyes bright and usually smiling, I wondered just how terrible this thing must be that he did; somehow I even found myself doubting whether it were so terrible as our elders said, breaking his old mother's heart. Afterward he killed himself.

As we grew a bit older, Judge E. P. Graves became our teacher, an elder in the church, with a long beard snowy white and luxuriant, the whitest white except for a half-moon of amber round the mouth, fascinating to look upon with our mingled emotions of respect and deprecation on account of the sinful nicotine that thus defaced the perfect whiteness of his beard and soul. We boys concluded, in spite of our consciences, for we deeply reverenced and loved the mild and gentle old judge, as everybody else did, that somehow our elders, so denunciatory of nicotine, must have their wires crossed—no, there were no wires in those days, not even barbed wires—must be mixed up about this subject; until one Sunday afternoon we tried a five-cent cigar apiece and immediately voted that our elders were right

and our Sunday-school teacher must have one sin to set off all his other virtues to advantage.

For the most part, you would scarcely believe that there was much religion in that frontier town, the toughest on the map, many people said, a duplicate of Dodge City twenty years later, or Leadville. Through that straggling town, in front of our very doors, passed the covered wagons marked "Kansas or Bust" or "The Rocky Mountains or Bust," and often enough and tragically enough many of them did come back "bust." Into that town frequently rode Frank and Jesse James in broad daylight, and no one dared or cared to say them nay. Along the west side of Main Street, opposite the market square, stood a whole block of saloons, "Battle Row" they called it; and we boys walked up and down in front of them with awe and bated breath, for murders took place there now and again. Our hired man had a brother who killed a man in one of these saloons and unwittingly for ever after put a halo of heroism round our hired man's head. I remember his name today with a thrill of romance, Ed Argo—sounds almost like a dime novel. Is there anybody old enough now to remember dime novels? We used to hide them in the hay-loft. Herds of cattle, going east and going west, driven by shouting cowboys, charged those days through our streets, even Main Street. The old Santa Fe Trail, along which my father used to trade horses and mules,

swept by our front gate, scarcely supplanted at that time by the railway. No, you would not think those frontiersmen very religious—as Paul thought the Athenians—until you got to talking to them.

Neither were my boyhood companions mostly of the Sunday-school type. Our closest neighbors were the Pat Stewarts and the Bob Holmeses, who owned race-horses and ran them; and I always preferred to stay all night at the homes of the sons of these race-horse men than to go to certain other places that I knew. There was a snap and a verve about these boys. They are all under the blue-grass sod now, so they will not mind my being personal about them. They had a good side, an attractive side, and now after all the years I see that their generosity, kindness and buoyant spirits are part of this very thing which we call religion but can not locate nor define.

At home we got plenty of avowed religion, and never of a repugnant nature. Father never talked it much, but showed it in his strong and gentle bearing. People called him "Laughing Andy," for there was always a smile round his eyes and round the corners of his mouth that showed through his reddish gray beard. There is a smile on the only picture of him that I have, and the picture in memory when, in my ninth year, he had gone to sleep for ever. He used to compose the quarrels of his fellow pioneers, they tell me, as he lay full length upon

the counter of his store. He had an aphorism, "Never stand up when you can sit down, never sit up when you can lie down." When these rough fellows reached an impasse in their dealings, they would come to him; and he would crack a joke or tell a yarn about something that happened back in Madison County, Kentucky, by the old mill beside the river. Then when he had them thawed a little, he would push out his skiff gently into the crushed ice of their affairs, and little by little draw them together until they shook hands and went away wiser though not sadder men. My mother said that birds and squirrels and rabbits and all wild things were not afraid of Laughing Andy, and she even declared that the birds would sometimes light upon his shoulder and pluck hairs out of his beard with which to build their nests. Hard to believe, and also probably painful, but Andrew Lang has testified somewhere in his writings that birds treated him the same way. There have been men like that; must be something religious about them.

As for mother, she was undoubtedly and avowedly religious, sang hymns most of the time—could not keep her from singing—read to us out of the Bible when she could corral us; and we preferred the book of Revelation on account of the gold streets, pearl gates, the river and the trees, besides the beasts with the terrible horns. She also read or told us Bible stories; she especially loved the story of Ruth, for she too had mar-

ried a man twenty years her senior, with the result that she lost him when she was still a young woman and had to become father and mother both to her children. One time, in a burst of confidence she said to me, "I did not marry the man I loved, but I loved the man I married."

The first seven years, yes, they count; so when we reached adolescence, we all just naturally dropped into church membership like ripened fruit. One Sunday morning our imposing minister, Dr. Thomas P. Haley, one of the grandest-looking men I ever saw, gave the invitation at the close of his sermon for any of the young people just coming up to high-school age to make their confession of faith. He seemed to be looking at me, and I thought he meant me, so down the aisle I went, half blind and head swimming, but not with any other emotion except fear of people's eyes. When he asked me the simple question, "Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and your Savior?" I choked out a "Yes, sir," and that is all there was to it except the baptism which came a little later on.

The first public part I ever took in a religious service was by mistake. At a prayer-meeting the following autumn, Doctor Haley said, "After we sing the next hymn, will Brother Burris please read the twelfth chapter of Romans." Feverishly I sought high and low for Romans, found it, turned up the twelfth chapter and scanned it hurriedly, my heart in my throat. When the

hymn ceased, I stood up and began to read, when, horror of horrors, I heard another voice on the opposite side of the room starting to read the same words. I stopped short; so did the other voice. I had forgotten, if I ever knew, that there was a deacon in our church whose last name was Burris; but quick as a flash, Doctor Haley, pointing his finger at me, said, "Go on, son, go on." And I went on, and like James Fitzjames all breathless at the dreadful close, I sat down. From that time on, I never went to prayer-meeting that Doctor Haley did not call upon me to read. He was a wise old man; he knew what he was about; he was making a preacher out of me without ever letting me know. He accomplished his purpose, all through a mistake.

The final choice of a life's calling, I can see, hung upon just as slender a thread, even the flip of a coin. My closest and most understanding friend in high school was Jesse J. Vineyard, afterward one of the leaders of the bar in our frontier city, now grown to a metropolis. We were starting to college at the same time, and he had chosen Washington and Lee University in Virginia. He always swore that I had promised to go with him, but I am sure I never actually promised. I had a sneaking feeling that, much as I wanted to go with him, I would never preach if I went. I consulted Doctor Haley, and the principal of our high school, Professor White, who was an elder in our church, and "the Sage of Indepen-

dence," Alexander Procter. They all advised me to go to Bethany College in West Virginia, the birthplace of our denomination. I think it was a friendly conspiracy on their part to shove me into the ministry. At last the days of departure drew on and Jesse Vineyard finally consented to the flip of a coin, heads or tails. It came down heads, and I went to Bethany College where I did not know a soul. If it had come down tails, in all probability I should have been the law partner of Jesse J. Vineyard.

The boys at that little fresh-water college in the West Virginia hills hailed mostly from the farms of Ohio and Indiana; city boys would call them "rubes." Coming from a sizeable city myself, it was a bit hard at first to adjust myself to these farmer boys. It was months, really, before I began to appreciate that clothes have nothing to do with brains, nor yet hearts; that manners, ease of carriage, lack of self-consciousness in company, do not necessarily betoken either kind hearts or simple faith which may be more than coronets or Norman blood. The competitions in the classrooms and on the debating platform slowly opened my eyes to the value of diamonds in the rough. Nevertheless, the drift was inevitable toward companionship with the few city boys, wild ones almost to a man, who came to that little rural college. I do not regret this, all in all, because among those wild ones I found the same generous impulses and

sometimes devil-may-care good fellowship that I had seen in the race-horse lads of the West. At least, I learned to look for religion in unexpected places. Nearly all the wild ones could be touched, were touched, by the powerful influences of the religious life in this cloistered community.

I can close my eyes now and see as clearly as if it were yesterday the baptism of Charley Addy, that winter night in the ice-covered river. The Addy boys, from Pittsburgh, were pitcher and catcher on the nine. Charley, the younger, was accounted the wilder of the two, though, according to our strait-laced views, both were wild enough; but Charley made confession in the old brick church close beside the river, where Alexander Campbell had held forth for so many years. They cut the ice, nearly a foot thick, for the baptismal service; we all streamed down the snowy banks, lanterns in hand, after the evening evangelistic service. The big, bashful, young president of the college, Dr. W. H. Woolery, six feet four, two hundred and forty pounds of bone and muscle, who could "heft" a railroad iron, it was said, and lift it arm's length above his head, stepped down into the water, leading Charley by the hand. He pronounced the solemn words, and laid the boy back into the water; but he misjudged the distance and struck Charley's head against the ice. Alarmed, the big president gathered the athlete up in his arms like a

little child and strode out of the water, but Charley was unhurt. You never forget things like that; it thrilled the whole college much more than if the baptizing had gone smoothly; and everybody loved the strong, gentle president as they had not done before. Typhoid took him the next summer.

During the annual "protracted meeting," or revival, held in the historic old brick church, always by some calm, intellectual professor or minister, those who were church-members felt it their duty to persuade those who were not, to become members. Naturally, the "wild boys" were the ones who fell to my lot to approach. Often I found them quickly responsive and emotional; but I remember distinctly a boy named Lowrey, from Illinois, with whom I daily read Greek. We took a long walk over the West Virginia hills during which I argued with him about the elements of religion. I did not then know what a mistake it is to argue. His keen incisive mind beat me at every turn of the conversation. Quiet and unemotional, cool and collected, he attended all the services of that protracted meeting and never came down the aisle. The last I heard, he was successfully practising law in his native state, and whether he ever became an avowed Christian or not I have never learned. That he was always sincere, honest and upright throughout his life I am convinced without testimony; and that he had a religion of his own, like his great fellow citizen,

Abe Lincoln, which perhaps did not conform at all to the institutional religion round him, I am equally well assured. Perhaps his religion is a well-fused combination of the Greek love of beauty and well-being with the idealism of Jesus. I rather think that Lincoln's was.

I began preaching at nineteen, at Kadesh Chapel, seven miles from college. My clearest memory takes me over those winter roads on horseback, with black oilskin leggings from ankle to thigh to keep off the mud, and recalls the sucking of the horse's hoofs in the deep mire. It was not long until many people began confessing their faith, and I began baptizing them in the neighboring creek; the very first one, a woman of some two hundred pounds. Carefully instructed by my professors, I managed to perform the feat without untoward accident. I took the manuscript of my first sermon to Frank Dowling, our professor of Latin, himself a preacher, for criticism. He kept it a couple of days, then handed it back to me gravely, saying, "Very good, Jenkins, very good; I think you have touched upon all the important questions in religion." Greatly elated by what I thought to be praise, I never caught the irony until years afterward. Of course the text of that first sermon was John 3:16.

Having edited the college paper for a couple of years, the idea gradually grew in my mind that experience on a city daily would be a fine extra course for one who in-

tended to preach. Coming home, therefore, at twenty-one, with a brand-new diploma in my pocket, I had sense enough to leave the diploma at home when I went down to the afternoon paper to offer my services. Something told me, too, that letters of introduction would be useless; so I simply asked the elevator boy for the name of the city editor. He replied, "Mr. John M. Nuchols." Luckily I found that gentleman in a comparatively quiet moment, sitting alone at his desk. I gave him my name and said, "I've come to work for you as a reporter. Start me out." He replied, "We don't need any more reporters. Our staff is full." My heart pounding at my ribs, I insisted, "You don't understand my proposition. I want to learn this business, and I've come here to begin. I don't care about pay. I just want to learn; now start me out." He scowled and replied, "We don't want anybody hanging round here that we don't pay." "Very well, sir, then," said I, "you can pay me, I don't care, but the main thing is I want to be a reporter on this paper." Then his scowl broke into a smile and he said, "Wait a minute."

He got up and walked in to consult the managing editor, Mr. Hart; then in a few moments he returned and said, "Go down to the river and find out what's doing."

Now our tawny old tigerish Missouri River can generally be counted upon to do things, especially in June,

when the annual rise comes; and fortunately for me, that day she was out of her banks, tearing up houses, flooding the basements of manufacturing and wholesale establishments. I got a skiff and a man to row me and had a lovely morning, getting back to the office from my first assignment just a half-hour before the dead-line. As I wrote my story in longhand, Mr. Nuchols stood at my shoulder and took the sheets and blue-penciled them and shot them down through the tube to the composing-room. The afternoon paper carried the account on the front page. That elected me a reporter, and I would not give the training of the next few months for certain courses of study I have had in college.

Mr. Nuchols was one of the sternest, coldest-looking men, with one of the gentlest, warmest natures that I have ever known. To me, his instruction, kindness and forbearance, and most of all his lessons incondensation, have proved without price. The other reporters, always ready to help the cub, I found to be generous-hearted, happy-go-lucky and tireless workers. Nat Hutton, the police reporter, would come in whistling, lay his revolver down on his copy paper to keep the sheets from blowing away in the summer wind and write up his stuff, laughing and joking all the time. Tom Parry, plodding, methodical, all-round man, took great pains to give me courses of sprouts. Many years later I saw him often in my congregation and then finally took part in

his funeral. Jay Hambidge, quiet, reserved, I used to love to watch, bending over his chalk plate with his steel stylus, drawing his pictures. In a few years, he went east to the great magazines of New York, where, for a quarter of a century, I watched his artistic productions. Afterward I learned that he grew to be an authority on "dynamic symmetry," which is some technical phase of art. These men talked little religion, would have repudiated the suggestion that they were religious; but they cheerfully lived religion all the time.

Mr. Nuchols went to Chicago as managing editor of a great paper there, and died early, as many newspaper men do under the intense strain and excitement of their occupation. Nearly twenty years later, when I came back home to take Doctor Thomas P. Haley's pulpit, Mr. Nuchols' father was in the congregation, a white-bearded, immaculately groomed judge, full of dignity and honors. When I found out who he was, I went to him and told him what a debt of gratitude I owed his son. Long after, I learned that he was the only one who had voted against my coming to that pulpit. He had nothing against me, but he did not wish to see Doctor Haley retire. From that conversation forward, however, he was my ardent friend and never missed services so long as he was able to come. Then he went to join his two companions, Judge Phillips and Governor Crittenden; and no doubt this Missouri triumvirate now sit under the

SCHOOL OF THEOLO

palm-trees by the river of the water of life to talk it all over, from the days of the James boys down to the city of the boulevards.

After some months' course in the "university in the alley," as newspapers are frequently and fitly termed, I tried a pastorate and failed, then went for two years to Yale Divinity School, and two years to Harvard. I had fun at Yale and worked hard at Harvard. The Yale Glee Club, on which I sang first tenor, formed the vehicle for the fun and for the close acquaintance of young men, wild and otherwise. I remember the shock to the whole university caused by the death of Cy Nolan, of Chicago, our leading first tenor, and perhaps the most popular man in college, from that new and strange disease, appendicitis. Later at Harvard, my classmate, Carlos C. Rowlison, who had recently been operated upon successfully for this new disease, went frequently to medical lectures as an exhibit of a strong young man who had survived the ordeal. He now preaches in New England.

Next to me in the line of the glee club stood Hamilton Holt, now one of the most distinguished of American citizens, who wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor of France in his buttonhole. "Hammie," deliberate, quiet, a bit reserved, like myself cared little for the social functions which the club on tour constantly attended, and we frequently, instead of going to the

dances, left the concert to go directly to the special cars in which we traveled or to a hotel to talk late or to retire. One of the illuminating acts of this unobtrusive young man happened when, having heard that, as a part of my duty in the Divinity School, I was forming a quartet to sing on Sunday nights in the New Haven city hospital and occasionally to give entertainments on week nights in the convalescent wards, he came and offered himself as a member. His conversation, too, gave evidence of the serious-mindedness which has later characterized his career as editor of *The Independent,* advocate of the League of Nations, and as president of Rollins College.

At Harvard, the shining light of my life, Doctor Joseph Henry Thayer, used to walk past my boarding-house each morning on his way to Divinity Hall. I watched for him, as often as possible, and darted out to join him. He marched with a springy step, his face up and lit with a happy response to nature and the sky, the best-groomed man on the faculty, his reddish gray Vandyke carefully trimmed and brushed, his language as precise as his tonsorial appearance, and his magnetism, to me at least, never failing. He did not draw great crowds as a lecturer, because his subject, New Testament Greek, in which I suppose it is safe to say he led all other American scholars, did not attract the general run even of divinity men; but since this subject loomed larg-

est in my interest, he was to me the bright particular star of Harvard University. Two years with him gave me not only some grasp of his subject but also a bit of polish in the English tongue in which he was nothing less than a purist. I shall never forget how he cured me of using the word "like" as a conjunction. We were walking along a gravel path toward the hall when I said something about "a western man like I am." He stopped, stamped his foot, ground his heel into the gravel and said, "Like me! Like is a preposition and must be used with a noun or pronoun in the objective case! Never a conjunction! Never let me hear you say that again as long as you live!" And he never did.

There were giants in those days: Dean C. C. Everett, boring into the religions of the Orient and unfolding them for us; Francis G. Peabody, a pioneer in the new science of sociology and the leading preacher of the university; Professor A. S. Hill, the rhetorician, with twenty men in English A, the select course for graduates who intended to be professional writers, to which I gained admission by the skin of my teeth; President Eliot, the most imposing personification of dignity that I ever saw; Samuel McChord Crothers, the boyish-looking preacher, who wrote essays for *The Atlantic Monthly* that compare favorably with those of Lamb; John Fiske, lecturing popularly on history and willing to meet a lone student and talk kindly and learnedly to him; George Gordon,

preaching in the university chapel, in his powerful maturity; Dean Nathaniel S. Shaler, the old Confederate veteran, of the scientific school, beloved by every Harvard young man, along with Crawford H. Toy, another ex-Confederate, of the Divinity School, revered by a smaller circle. William James was still there and I met him once; also Royce and Childs, great names in philosophy and in English—but this begins to sound like a Harvard catalogue of nearly forty years ago.

What I want to say is that every name here mentioned is the name of an avowedly and profoundly religious man. These men were cultivated religionists who had thought their way clear through. Perhaps every one of them could echo the words of Dean Shaler, who, at the last alumni dinner he ever attended at commencement, said to the men, all of whom loved him: "This is the last time I shall address you. When another commencement comes round, I shall either be gone or about to go. And I can hope for nothing better than that when I come up to the gates of heaven, St. Peter will meet me and say, 'Shaler, there's a professor's chair over in that corner waiting for you.' "

Yes, as I look back over more than fifty years in this pleasantly sunny land and think of the people who have moved about in it, from the cow-men and the prairie-schooner men all the way through various gradations to the Harvard dons, the most civilized of Americans, I am

persuaded that deep down in their natures an old-new religion wound its way like a river that creates a fertile and fruitful land. Those pioneers of my West could never have pioneered as they did without a religion at once hopeful and stern; hopeful as the Homeric heroes were hopeful, and stern as the Hebrew prophets with Jesus at the head of them were stern. Both these elements, the Greek and the Christian, mingled in their blood and shone in their actions; and as in more detail I bring down to date the results of my observations and my reporting concerning this my native land, I think that these two strains will appear, whether I label them or not, to the eye of the attentive reader.

CHAPTER III

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

LIFE has been called a passing show; chance meetings have been likened to ships that pass in the night; crowds are kaleidoscopic; all of which indicates the fascination of standing by the wayside either on busy street corners or beside remote and dusty highways and trails, to watch the processions and the caravans come and go. It is particularly interesting to an American to see the American crowd go by, and particularly interesting to a reporter who watches with a purpose; still more interesting to a religious reporter looking out for evidences of the deepest strain in human minds and hearts and lives. Then, if he chance to have a theory or a hobby or a hypothesis, and to be looking for facts to substantiate it, as, for instance, a growing conviction that the American people is doing one of the strangest and most beautiful things in human history, the combination of a twenty-five-hundred-year-old Greek adoration of beauty, poetry, art and all well-being, mental, emotional and physical, with a sound and sane morality springing from the belief that to live together easily, happily and with a

family-like love is the highest of human art—how much more interesting still!

A man made a comforting remark in my presence shortly after I had passed the half-century mark; he said, "I do not care to hear a man preach who is under fifty." Like a cooling zephyr, like a gourd full of clear, cold water for a thirsty throat, fell those words. Obviously he meant that until a man becomes fifty, he has not stood long enough by the wayside watching life ebb and flow, but that, given fifty years of living in the old house by the side of the road, he should be somewhat at home in his world, and something of a friend to man.

Early in the first century people spoke of those who traveled along the Christian trail as belonging to "The Way." A suggestive and picturesque phrase, it makes me think of the eager, though tired, occupants of the covered wagons on the old Santa Fe Trail bound for the opening West. Religion seems to me like that old trail, and religious people like those who fared out into the unknown upon it. Almost everybody says, "I love to stand on one side and watch the streams of people passing by." Surely. Human beings are animated books—more fun to read them than any other kind, as I have done by the hour on Grand Avenue in Kansas City, State or Broadway in Chicago or New York, the Nevski Prospekt in Leningrad, or the crooked street called "Straight" in Damascus. But all who stand and watch do not see

alike nor an equal amount. What they see depends partly upon inborn curiosity, partly upon experience which lends standards of judgment, and partly upon acquired prejudices and presuppositions. Here the half-century comes in, and makes for coolness and detached criticism of life.

For myself, I claim that my mother endowed me with an extreme curiosity. I would have made a good police reporter; in fact, I have been one, and would not greatly mind being one again. I am never able long to keep away from newspaper offices. The smell of printer's ink early pervaded my being when I carried the afternoon papers, after folding them myself before the self-folder came in, into the saloons of Battle Row and the heavily shuttered houses of the red-light district. When later I broke into the city room, hired myself out to a reluctant city editor, and learned the game, the printer's ink ate deeper and deeper; and I know what newspaper men mean when they say, "Once bitten by the bug, you never get over it." One time I served as editor of a city daily for three years, while keeping up my ministry. This merely by way of boasting that, by natural inclination as well as by careful training, and on top of that more than fifty years of experience, when I stand by the wayside and watch the stream go by, it is not for nothing.

One deliberate and unshakable conclusion forces itself upon me, that all these travelers have a religion

whether they know it or not, and whether at the time they act like it or not. They may have cultivated it consciously or they may have allowed it to grow up with weeds and go to seed, but they have it. They may have little or much, they may show it or hide it, boast it or deny it, but they have it. It may stand for them as a refuge from fear, or they may have outgrown the period of fear. Not always by any means do those who think they have most of religion and show most of it really possess the greatest supply, and not always nor often do those who think they have least of it and show least of it suffer by comparison. It matters not the sin wherewith the face of man is blackened, or in other words the mistakes of judgment he has made, the root of the matter grows in him, deep down in him, never to be choked out. Young men tell me, my sons among the number, that in college "bull sessions" there are two inevitable topics, sex and religion. Evidently colleges have not changed since the days when we silver-grays discussed the same topics. Barracks and army camps show the same drift, prison cells and corridors, even the long-gone, sawdust-floored saloons and the rapidly disappearing dry-camps of cowmen and sheep herders with their night fires of buffalo chips. Let any discussion anywhere go on long enough and become frank enough, and sooner or later religion will emerge—to be repudiated maybe, but seldom laughed at; to be timidly approached maybe, perhaps

even advocated by some more daring ones, but in some form surely to come up. That out of the fulness of its heart humanity can not keep itself from talking about religion, first and last, testifies to the reality and inevitability of the theme.

Joaquin Miller, out on the gold coast, wrote a stanza one time—suggested, I am told on the good authority of his wife, by a visit to the grave of Lord Byron—and allowed it to stand for years with the word "hesitate" in the next to the last line, as it appears in most of his collected poems; but before he died he changed that word to "do not dare," stronger and truer:

> "In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> I do not dare to draw a line
> Between the two, where God has not."

They come trooping up before the eye of memory out of a half-century, these men and women who might call themselves irreligious, or who at any rate might be surprised to be dubbed religious. There is that hard-boiled publisher of a great daily newspaper, by many called black-mailer, by others pirate, perhaps the most cordially hated man in the city where he lived and dominated for so many years. Dark, steely eyes, flashing out from under black brows, handsome, distinguished,

dangerous, he looked the part of the pirate. Nevertheless, I had long talks with him, both in the luxury of his library and under the stars in camps, in fields or by stream. I saw him at his best, most unaffected, most real. I heard him talk as I have never heard another man, about birds and animals, jungle lore and forest lore, African kraals and moonlit nights, travel in far corners of the earth, pictures and art, music and great charities, immoralities and immortality. I testified in court one time in a way that he did not expect, and that probably damaged him, but I told the simple truth; yet it never shook our friendship.

The publisher of a great daily walks no easy path to popularity, for more people are likely to hate him than to love him, no matter what he does; and this one, men have denounced from one end of the country to the other. They call him a hard man, and hard he is, a bitter and ruthless fighting man; but I know of many gentle deeds he did in the dark, many a hand of help reached out into prison, into hospitals, into hovels and palatial homes. One time he said to me concerning a certain practice, "Years ago I promised God I wouldn't do that any more. And I haven't." Imagine how that declaration startled me; but so simply and so strongly came the words that I believed him. Some say that he never gave away a dollar in his life, but I know better. There is a broken, one-eyed missionary who can not go back to Africa where

he lost his health, who never fails to get money for his mission from this hard-boiled man whenever he goes to ask him. A few times, not many, when the light was just right in the library, or the conversation had drifted in the right direction, or when the logs of the camp-fire had burned down and the two of us sat alone in the soft light, he has talked about his belief in God and in Christ. Hard-pan that soil, without doubt, but penetrable.

This man, with his strange contradictions, represents an extreme, to be sure; but I have known and know now many both in churches and outside just as piratical, as unscrupulous, as bitter in their business dealings; possibly more correct in outward observance, what we call convention and respectability, but just as ruthless where a dollar is concerned. They would build their fortunes on peonage, another name for slavery, shorten the lives and destroy the health of operatives, deceive their friends in investments, steal a railroad or a mine, and maintain a devout air in the church or a respectable exterior in the club. They belong, without knowing it, to that class whom Jesus denounced but did not avoid, the Pharisees, the only class at which he got angry, and lashed with bitter words, whited sepulchers, nests of vipers, scorpions, everything he could lay his tongue to, short of profanity. Yet, he walked in the moonlight with one of these men and, recognizing the inherent sensibility beneath the hard pharisaic veneer, told him

SCHOOL OF THEOL

he must be born again, must let the wind of the spirit fan through his soul and quicken the slumbering embers down deep at the base of his life.

It would seem, then, that mere human behavior is not the final indicator as to the amount of religion within, in spite of the fact that "by their fruits ye shall know them." Behavior gives an inkling, but does not serve as a complete index. Behavior, we have come to learn, springs so much from ductless glands, bio-chemistry, neuron patterns, what we used to call heredity and environment, that the scientists have left us very little margin of choice, freedom of the will. They will never convince us, however, that we can not choose at all; for if we could not, what would be the use of debating, talking over business details, writing books, comparing ideas in any way, painting pictures and singing songs, or doing most of the other esthetic and ethical things we try to do? What room would there be left for ethics anyway? Personally I do not think that Jesus stressed morality very much, knowing, as such a universal mind would know, that morals change from place to place and age to age; none the less, he did lay his stress upon great universal principles, which inevitably build right customs, relations, morals. John Watson may convince us, as long as we are reading his book, that our behavior is predetermined, but just as soon as we lay it down we are as unconvinced as ever. If we have

no choice, why did he ever write the book? No, behaviorism is a good hobby to jump on and ride a while, but to ride it for ever will bring us square up against the inquiry as to the roots of human knowledge and the best theories of knowledge that our poor little philosophies have ever been able to work out, and will finally pitch us over the head of the hobby into futility.

I have one very lovable friend who does not believe that we have the slightest margin of choice, freedom of will; his name is Clarence Darrow. Many people hate him, but that is because they are such good haters and have never grown to know him. I met him first on the deck of a transport during the World War, talking to "Tay-Pay" O'Connor, and I hung round the pair all I could to catch the bright conversation. Afterward, Mr. O'Connor treated us most kindly in London at his club and at Westminster and later I spent a Sunday with Clarence Darrow in Paris. Since that time I have debated with him a number of times in the middle western cities. Because he believes that nobody is responsible for anything he does, and that we would all do about the same thing that the other fellow does if we were in his place, he never prosecutes but always defends. A fatalist, he believes that the universe is a machine and life not worth the living; in short, he is a follower of Schopenhauer, the pessimist, and yet like his teacher, he differs from his philosophy in his practical life as

day differs from night. Kind and gentle, genial and cheerful, brave and happy, his actions speak louder than his theories. I asked him once why, if he thought life not worth living, he did not end it all, so easy a thing to do. He grinned and replied, "I want to see the curtain go down on the last act." Very much like the optimist Browning who wanted to feel the choke in his throat and see the light grow dim. How we all do fool ourselves, even Darrow along with the rest! Behaviorist though he is, I think him religious, in the Greek way; for he loves beauty, truth and goodness, nature and art and music, just as the Greeks and Jesus did.

I am not going to be betrayed into defining religion, but just let my idea of it seep in gradually through these lines. As a matter of fact, I do not think religion can be very successfully defined; I have seen it tried too many times without satisfactory results. Do we need to define it? Do we not each one know what it is for ourselves? Can any one define it for another? The greatest things in the world can neither be proved nor defined. Mr. Emerson one time said, "I am sorry if I have been betrayed into saying anything that requires proof." A man wastes his breath and his time who tries to prove God, or immortality; and yet the greatest minds have been incorrigible believers in both.

There are some things, however, which we know that

religion is not. It is not simply a refuge from fear, as some of the intelligentsia of our time contend. It served that purpose, no doubt, among primitive men, serves it to-day probably for many still more or less primitive; but one may graduate from this position to higher ones, and many have done so. A few people in the world, like Siegfried in German mythology, have no fear at all, of God, man or devil. I think that publisher I talked about a few paragraphs back feared little in the world, though of course nobody can ever be sure. Fear, anxiety, pain, trouble in any form seeks any refuge that offers; and certainly religion helps in times of storm. What I am trying to say, however, is that even the most dauntless souls, kin to the Greek stoics, like William Ernest Henley, who assert they are masters of their fate and captains of their souls, feel the nameless thrill of religion, though not through fear. The literal hell has gone out of present-day thinking and present-day life; nobody takes refuge, from fear of hell, in the religious attitude. What we do fear, and that sometimes with a vengeance, is the grind of the great machine, the relentlessness of the law, the friction of the herd, all the ills the flesh is heir to, which I shall try to deal with in a later chapter. The main drift to-day that carries us onward and upward into the religious atmosphere seems rather desire for the beautiful, the ethereal, the lost radiance, the quest of the combined spirit of Attica and of Nazareth.

We know, too, that we can not identify religion with rites and ceremonials, liturgies and litanies, sacraments and symbols. These things represent only the millinery in which it is clothed, and we do violence to all religion when we make these outward forms essential to the inward grace. The church to which I have ministered for twenty-three years, some of the denominational leaders are trying to exclude from their organizations, because this "community church," seeking to be universal, to promote unity, refuses to make baptism by immersion an essential of membership. Many so-called open-membership churches of this denomination face the same attempts at exclusion. Such denominational leaders think they are defending religion by this insistence upon a rite, a ceremonial; but this city, taken as a whole, considers them mistaken; this nation considers that they are not defending religion but a sect. People in their hearts know well that forms and observances can not be identified with religion. Symbols we must employ, to be sure, until we all grow to be highly skilful and abstract philosophers. Liturgy, enriched services, concrete outward forms for inward spiritual states, are on the increase in American church services. Particularly in free, liberal, so-called modernistic churches does ritualism go along step by step with increasing breadth, but no enlightened and free-thinking man can ever make these forms and symbols synony-

mous with the things that they are intended to convey.

In the first church that I served, when only twenty-two, in Santa Barbara, California, there reigned an elder who did not believe in organs in public worship, and did not believe in missionary societies. Being young and enthusiastic, I believed very hard in these and a lot of other liberal things besides; so the old elder set out to break me and unseat me, and in six months he did it artistically and thoroughly. My mother went there to keep house for the young minister. Very proud and very happy, she did the cooking, and we rode about in a two-wheeled cart with a ramshackle old nag, for we cherished the notion that the people in the little church by the sea should believe that we were wholly dependent upon them for our livelihood. After the old elder had delivered his knockout blows and had put me in such a condition that I could neither eat nor sleep, he felt compunction and approached my mother to tell her that, if we would rent a little piece of land in the edge of the town, the young man could probably make a pretty good living raising chickens. Maybe I should have taken his advice, but instead I went off on a sail-ship to Hawaii to ponder, and recruit shattered nerves; and my mother cried and went home.

I thought my career was wrecked, but in reality nothing better could have happened. I was not yet mature enough, had not paid price enough for prepara-

tion against such emergency. Meantime, William R. Warren, founder and editor of *World Call,* a man beautifully compounded of the old Greek spirit and the idealism of Jesus, who was then a little older and a much wiser man than myself, followed me in that church, dealt patiently with that old saint and converted him to more progressive views; so that before he died, he expressed regret and remorse at what he had done to that other young preacher. Conscientious to the core, he thought that his insistence upon form, ceremonial, organizations, constituted the essence of religion. Later he grew to see that these things are but the outward shell.

We all know, too, deep down in us, that however important it may be to think straight, religion is not, in its final analysis, right thinking. Doctrine, dogma, propositions, creeds—these are not identical with religion. Of course, right thinking usually results in right feeling and right action, and crooked thinking brings crooked living and twisted emotion. None the less, creed does not make the religion, any more than clothes make the man. We see too many passing our house by the side of the road whose professed beliefs have received the sanction of the centuries, but whose hearts ring like steel car-wheels, cold and hard, and whose dealings twist and turn devious and disastrous to their fellowmen. On the other hand, many stream by whose thoughts are all

mixed in a whirl, whose views contradict one another, whose logic has no continuity, and yet whose hand of help quickly reaches out to any who, hobbling along on the journey, need it. Surely more religion appears in these illogical and imperfect thinkers than in the others whose orthodoxy is so strictly in harmony with the current styles.

I knew a man once, back in that California time, and spent two or three days in his home up in the red and yellow Santa Ynez mountains, who held all the orthodox views, believed his Bible from cover to cover, could pass a perfect examination in all the tenets that have come down through the ages, straight from the Jewish-Christian stock of two thousand years ago, and who had so complied with all the prescriptions of creed and dogma as to believe himself perfect, sinless, sanctified. Calmly and assuredly, he told me that he could do no wrong, and his face shone as hard and as bright as a polished brass pan. While he was out at the barn one day his wife broke loose with a flood of invective against his cruelty, coldness and hardness. I never saw tragedy written on a human countenance more unmistakably than it appeared on hers. Poor woman, she had to live with this piece of doctrinal perfection and rigid pharisaism. Perfectly evident to a passing stranger in that farmhouse loomed the hell into which that home had been turned by the creedal precision of its head. I recog-

nize that this unlovable character may illustrate wrong thinking quite as much as orthodoxy; but it certainly does bear out the thesis that creed must not be identified with religion.

Neither is real religion proportionate to the sadness and solemnity resident in an individual or in a place. The amount of real religion may be in inverse ratio to the amount of solemnity. Spirituality, that much abused term, which has to do with all things beautiful, like music, poetry, art in every form, even art in drama and dancing, so far from being sad, generally manifests itself in exuberant happiness. America's response to the phrase, "the lost radiance of Christianity," has emphasized the fact, until it has entered into the consciousness of at least the religious leadership of the Western World, that the religion of Jesus is a joyous thing, that the New Testament is a radiant book, that Jesus was a happy man, and that he expected his followers to win and to hold joyousness and happiness. I have known many sad people who were truly religious, but I have known also many joyful and happy people who were just as religious. Certain it is that, unless and until the lost radiance once more shines in the faces and lives of those who try to follow Jesus, the young of this world, naturally buoyant, can not be attracted and won to adherence. Perhaps solemnity, mistakenly thought to be a duty, may be one of the things that accounts for the

increasing defection of masses of men and women, boys and girls, from the organized institutions of religion. We must reform that altogether.

Once more, we know that morals can not be identified with religion. Morals are a matter of science, social science and jurisprudence. Morals come from the age-long experience of the race as to what is best for society. Morals spring out of the trial-and-error method in finding out how best to get along with one another with the least possible amount of painful friction and the greatest possible amount of ease and cooperation. Valuable, invaluable, as right custom may be—and morals really mean customs—none the less even this is not religion. Some highly moral persons have possessed little or no religion; while some saints, like Tolstoi, with their tempestuous natures, have violated more or less recklessly the ethical conventions of their time and place. No matter, then, the aberration of conduct, a man still may be religious, may possess within him that unquenchable aspiration and yearning for harmony with the unseen which, whatever our definition of religion, is certainly a part of it. Indeed, Jesus never pronounced a beatitude upon the morally good, but he did pronounce one upon those who hunger and thirst to be good. Religious assemblies, churches, are not the places for good people so much as for bad people who honestly want to be good.

My feeling has grown with the passage of the years that real religion can be found over and over in unexpected places. Indeed, I have found it many a time, with a delightful surprise, far from the confines of the churches. I have found it among cursing cowboys and profane soldiers, in the camps of the Cimarron country and in the camps of France. I have found it among trainmen—I think there are more churchmen among those who operate trains than anywhere else in the ranks of labor. Almost invariably sailors, if you talk to them long enough, sound a deep religious note. Perhaps it is their eternal struggle with the elements so much grander and more powerful than they are, which produces this reverence. Maybe it is safe to say that dangerous employment breeds religion.

I crossed to Europe with Captain George Fried, the hero of the Atlantic, whose rescues of the shipwrecked crews of the *Antinoë* and the *Florida* have made him world famous. Ruddy-faced, powerfully built, looking the part of a son of Scandinavian Vikings, he appears modest, urbane, acting always as a host to his passengers and declaring that he considers it his obligation so to do, as much as to supervise the navigation of his ship. I had several long talks with him in the cabin just back of the bridge which he declared with a modest pride to be the finest cabin possessed by any captain on the north Atlantic. He told me stories of the rescues in heavy

storms when certain other ships, among them the great *Mauretania,* did not dare to turn around. He told me how he stood on the bridge for forty-eight hours without sleep and without meals, for he could not eat until his task was performed. Finally, as always in my experience with sailormen, religion came to the surface in the conversation. He turned his blue eyes toward me and quietly remarked, "Of course, I could not have got through at all without leaning upon Him above. I am not a churchman, though I always attend divine service on the ship on Sunday mornings. Ashore, I have so little time that I put in every minute of it in my home."

Then he told me about his wife, who had so much respect for the rules of the sea that she would not even go on a wedding journey with him aboard. His courtship was quite nautical. When a chief officer, one evening he saw a young lady at the captain's table. He watched her all through dinner and decided that she was the one to become his wife, if he could gain her. He sought an introduction, met her as often as possible for the next two or three days, and then suddenly proposed to her on that very voyage. She said, "Why, you don't know me at all. You don't even know my last name." He replied that he did not care what her last name was, he intended to change it and there was no resisting him. Now she is the Nancy Lee who keeps his home for him while he is away. Here is religion both on land and on ocean.

American religion has changed in fifty years. The stern and somber spirit, necessary no doubt for those pioneers who broke trails out in the West, made a realm and reigned, has passed from a restless winter of discontent to a more glorious summer, an atmosphere of greater confidence and joy. I remember how the last judgment hung over our horizon in my boyhood like a black cloud, threatening and portentous, and filled us with such dread that often we found it hard to go to sleep at night. Now we have cut off all that stormy fringe from our thought, have reduced what we consider the essentials of religion to far lower terms and have draped them round our sky in rosier tints. The sternness which it took to drive a wedge into the wilderness, like the sternness necessary to an odyssey or an anabasis or a campaign against Troy, has given place to a more artistic mood in which to build and ornament our temples and our theaters, our colonnades, libraries and galleries. Let us consider next how we have simplified our faith.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOWEST TERMS OF FAITH

EVEN at this late date, philosophy has not gone far beyond those great lights of the Greek world, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle. In a similar manner, we find religious thinkers, in what we like to believe the most progressive country of modern times, turning back to these great Greek thinkers for simple terms in which to couch theological conclusions. American humanists turn back to Greece and claim kinship with the humanism of the Acropolis and the Areopagus. They quote the familiar words of Socrates, spoken at the hour when he was taking an enforced leave of his native land at her moment of greatest glory, as he sought to console his distressed followers with what he believed to be a lowest common denominator of faith: "Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death; he and his are not neglected by the gods." Then they quote one whom they call greater than Socrates, who in the hour of apparent failure, likewise facing an enforced death, spoke still higher words but just as simple:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. . . . In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Here shines the lost radiance of Jesus illuminating the more hesitant light of Socrates. Put the two together, intertwine the variegated views of both, make a faith as simple and as shining as the combination of the two, and you have a resultant that, perhaps, America is trying to work out.

There is a residuum of faith, an irreducible minimum of religion, a lowest common denominator, which appears in all religions. To put it differently, all religions have certain elements in common, certain great though simple constituents. Of course, in this Western World we think that Jesus, who has given us our statement and form of religion, has all the best of it in presenting these fundamentals; but our preference for him and for what we believe to be his revelation of the eternal need not blind our eyes to the presence of those great simplicities in other religions and other lands.

My Mohammedan dragoman in Egypt, for example, the punctual, gentlemanly and tireless Mahmoud Farag, with his one bad eye, his stern face frequently breaking into smiles, his abstemiousness from wine, his calm self-control in the midst of excitable crowds, his long patience with nervous and techy Americans—who that has ever had Mahmoud as guide, philosopher and friend can

doubt that there is real religion somewhere in that domed head under the turban and in the heart which beats in that capacious chest beneath the rich red robe? When he spreads his prayer-rug at stated moments in the day and, kneeling with his face toward Mecca, touches his forehead to the ground, the superficial and unsympathetic observer might consider that he babbles only perfunctory and mechanical prayers; but a larger understanding and insight would stand somewhat in awe of the unfailing devotion, the self-mastery, and, in emergencies, the adventurous daring behind these apparently empty ceremonials. All over the Near East there are millions of the followers of Mohammed—not all with the strength and character of Mahmoud, to be sure, but with an unmeasured devotion—who thrill at the call of the muezzin from his minaret morning and evening, and who answer in their hearts to the mysteries of the dawn and of the twilight. Make no mistake, these people hold a dynamic faith.

In Damascus one evening Mahmoud took me through dark and devious streets to the home and little shop of a perfumer to bargain for attar of roses. What was my surprise to be led into the presence of a turbaned Oriental in a long blue and white robe whose mien, dignified and majestic, impressed the beholder as much as that of any western judge or senator. Ample proportions, well-trimmed but luxuriant white hair and beard, swarthy

immobile face and brilliant black eyes, a definite pride not to say hauteur of bearing, almost a scorn of the Christian infidel who had come to visit him, that picture gives me goose-flesh again, as it gave it to me that night over a dozen years ago. I blushed with shame that Mahmoud should have haggled as he did with this imperial personage over a few dollars more or less for the vial of precious perfume. Such a kingly person ought not to be forced to emit the contemptuous grunts and groans which came from that cavernous chest—a sort of sacrilege. Certainly something real in the Mohammedan faith produces types like these.

The few East Indians I have known, students in English and American universities, products of the ancient Brahman faith which was old when Christianity was born, mystery-enshrouded lads, deeply schooled in philosophy, courageous enough to bear themselves with equanimity in an exile none too companionable, must have much religion behind them. The echoes of the Vedic hymns have come down to them through millennia; the profound philosophies of the Sankhya and Vedanta systems, full grown and flourishing before Socrates and Aristotle, have been drilled into them almost with the alphabet. We English and Americans, most of us, are but tyros in philosophy and theology compared with the youths of Hindu schools and temples. They have been grappling with the irreducible minimum of religion

since long before our countries were savage wildernesses.

To my mind the greatest miracle that Jesus ever performed is the one he is working out right now in India. The fact that he has seized upon the imagination of the intelligentsia of that highly philosophical land, so that its leaders, like Gandhi and Tagore, though refusing to call themselves Christians, are none the less bowing in reverence before Jesus and are teaching the Gospel narratives and the social program of Jesus to Indian boys, is the greatest wonder in the religious life of our time. When one appreciates the all but universal and all but idolatrous worship of Gandhi by the three hundred millions of India, and then realizes that this Gandhi is leading them into a profound reverence for Jesus, one can understand what may happen there to-morrow.

The beautiful story of the self-sacrifice of Prince Gautama, the Buddha, who gave up a life of luxury for one of hardship and poverty in order to help the suffering masses of men, has entered deep into the fiber of millions of others in the East and can not but have rendered them profoundly religious. Mistakes in their thinking no doubt they have made, but is there any one of us who has not also made his mistakes? Edwin Arnold, a generation ago, in his *Light of Asia,* made the story of Buddha luminous for this Western World; and a host of popular writers of our time have familiarized the reading public with the values of other religions. Wherefore,

EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

within the last thirty years, the whole attitude of Christian missionaries has completely changed; they no longer talk about heathen in their blindness bowing down to stocks and stones; they no longer approach the followers of faiths older than their own with a patronizing condescension; but they go rather with a come-let-us-reason-together, let-us-compare-notes suavity and equality of manner, and pay their respect to the simple elements of religion that we all hold in common, no matter what our varying theologies. Really, this is the manner of Jesus.

What, then, are these final elements? Four things, I believe, we shall find more or less firmly held by all people wherever they may be and whatever may have been their religious heritage: first, the creative power, or force, or God, back of our world and all the other worlds; second, the good life, what Jesus calls "the abundant life," the best possible life in all our intricate and difficult circumstances; third, the proper relationships between individuals in the social structure of which they are a part; and fourth, destiny, the future, when life's fitful fever is over. These four lowest terms of faith, my experience tells me, are held, more or less unconsciously but all the same firmly, by practically every human being. We may reject the orthodoxies and the conventional dogmas by which we are surrounded; but very few reject all or any of this vital four.

There is an old and smoky Indian that I know in the Nipigon country of Ontario, all of whose people are Catholics, who treats the Catholic priests and the Catholic observances with stoic and studied indifference. I have whipped the white waters with a fly-line day after day while with iron-shod paddle he held the nose of the canoe steadily in the swirling current; I have eaten the lunch that he prepared on a ledge of rock at noon, and I have sat by the camp-fire many a night while, with an amused grin on his bronze features, he told the marvelous legends of Nanaboujou, the fabled god, or half-god, half-hero, of the Crees, the Ojibways and all the northern Indians. Of course, he did not more than half believe all this folk-lore, any more than he accepted unquestioned the Roman Catholic traditions; but now and then from the lips of this powerful hunter, trapper and guide, this child of the fir forests, the snows and the racing rivers—who, if he had been born and trained in the heart of the United States, would have made a wise judge on the bench of any court—there fell expressions of reverence for the Great Spirit behind the night skies and behind the stars. With the strong mind given him at birth on Behring Sea, and with the slight contacts vouchsafed him in short summers with hunting and fishing white men, he had shaken loose from his childhood superstitions; but he had not shaken loose from the four final elements of religious faith. Camping alone as

he does all winter in his little tent, pitched in the trapping season on an icy promontory in Lake Superior, where the forty and fifty degrees below zero wind comes ripping round his little camp-fire, alone with the fierce elements of nature and the few wild creatures who can brave them, year after year he ponders upon the Great Spirit, upon the good life for himself, his wife and his seven children, upon wise and just relations with the traders whose lives his own life touches, and upon the mysterious and unknown destiny to which year after year he draws nearer. I have a profound respect for Albert Ray, and so has my young son of twenty, who has slept with him alone in the bush many nights hunting the moose. Men say you can trust this Indian with your life, and I have trusted him with more than my life, my son's. In all essential particulars he is our equal.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar," we used to sing when we were boys, and this was the pioneer American verdict upon the slant-eyed celestials who broke into California with the forty-niners. A closer knowledge, however, of these rather brave and solitary exiles has somewhat altered that boyish impression. Behind those stolid yellow faces the mystery has remained too deep for me to penetrate to a first-hand knowledge of their views of God, but their actions have been sufficiently open to my observation to enable me to catch some insight into

their views of the good life and of their social obligations. My mother had some of them for tenants, laundry men in a little shop she owned on a side street. I watched them through the windows as, from dawn to late at night, they bent over their tasks, filling their mouths with water from a bowl, and blowing it out in a fine spray to sprinkle the clothes before ironing them. They never looked up nor looked around while they toiled like beavers, sweating heavily, summer and winter alike. Promptly on the first of every month, dressed in ceremonial silks, they paid their visit to my mother to tender the rent, invariably brought with them presents from China, silk handkerchiefs, Chinese bulbs grown in a glass bowl filled with broken stones and water, fans of ivory and feathers, Chinese nuts and fruit. They never came empty-handed, and they bowed low with great gravity and respect before my mother; then they smiled and sat almost silent for a half-hour and went away. Rather good business ethics.

One time in Honolulu I ordered a suit of white clothes from a Chinese tailor. He made a mistake in the measurements, so that when I went to try them on, the trousers were an inch too short. The tailor did not say, as an American would have done, "I will let them out at top or bottom or both," an undertaking which baffles human skill; but quickly he exclaimed, "I make the Melican man another pair." Next day they were ready.

He lost money on the transaction, but I think we shall all agree that it was excellent business. Self-interest back of it? In all likelihood. Self-interest, we are beginning to perceive, is back of all the best business ethics. I do not know where these Chinese get their business methods, unless it be from the ethical principles of Confucius, but wherever they get them, we might learn something from them. I have seen a little bit of the Chinatowns of New York and San Francisco. No doubt they have their underworld just as other parts of those cities have; they have their secret societies, sometimes criminal in character; what nationality does not? Human nature is spotted the world over. But some of the four fundamentals of religion even the peculiar "heathen Chinee" seems to have learned to a degree at least equal to our own, those involving the social virtues. And there is one close friend of mine, Professor Edward Scribner Ames, in a topmost position in philosophical and religious circles in America, who seems to consider that the definition of religion is aspiration after the highest social values.

The human mind and heart can not get away from absorption in these fundamentals, no matter how hard it may try, nor how successful in avoiding them it may think it has become. Russia, at present, loudly declares its atheism; but if ever a nation made a religion out of social welfare, Russia is certainly doing it now. Communism, however misguided and exaggerated, with its

puritanic self-denial and devotion, has become the religion of Russia.

Ida Vladivskya, whom I met in Moscow, and with whom I had many interesting conversations, seems to me a personification of all that is best in Russia, of Russia's unconscious religion along with her avowed atheism, her esthetic and moral ideals and her devoted absorption in her new experiment. Ida pronounced her name "Eeda," so I shall write it in that way hereafter. She is a twenty-one-year-old university student, serving in the summertime as interpreter for English and American tourists. Although not attached to our party, she did a little work for one of the members of it. Upon meeting her, I became so interested in her magnetic personality, her sprightliness and energy, her original thoughts and utterances, that I sought her out as much as possible. Her earlier ambition had been the ballet, and she had taken much training for it, but her parents objecting, she had given it up to specialize in art and English. She said she hoped later on to translate English books into Russian, and perhaps even to write for English publications. "Journalism!" she exclaimed in a half-whisper of modesty and a little awe.

"Why do all the American and English women say to me, 'Eeda, how many lovers have you had?' Do they think of nothing but lovers? Of course girls like me do not have lovers, and I have had no lovers. I think too

much of my country and of my children that may be."

"Of course, then, you intend to marry, Eeda?" I ventured.

With the eternal contradictoriness of womankind, she immediately replied, "No, I don't think I shall ever get married. I don't know. Perhaps I may some day."

"If I were a young chap, Eeda," I twitted her, "you'd have a hard time getting away from me."

With a wide-eyed innocence, she exclaimed, "Why, you're not old!"

"Oh yes I am, Eeda, old enough to be your father, possibly your grandfather. But next year I'll bring my big boy over here to see you."

"You have a big boy? How big is he? How tall? What does he weigh? What is the color of his eyes? His hair?"

Yes, I think Eeda will get married some day.

When I thought I knew the little lady well enough—I say little; I think she weighed a hundred and thirty-five or forty, strong and vigorous, not pretty but attractive—I said to her, "Eeda, what do you believe?"

"What you mean? Religion? I don't believe anything. I am an atheist."

"Yes, I know," I rejoined, "but you must believe in something."

"Yes," she replied promptly, "I believe in justice, comradeship, brotherhood with everybody."

"You mean gentleness, and love toward fellow men?"

"Exactly that," she replied. "Just what is written in the Bible. I understand it is in the Bible. I have never read the Bible myself."

"Yes, Eeda, it is in the Bible. What do you believe about the future life?"

"What you mean, future life? You mean life after death?" I nodded, and then she exclaimed, "Oh, I don't believe that at all!"

Then a suggestion of a smile came round the corners of her eyes and she continued: "But my grandma she die last November. And I love my grandma very, very much. I live with her these five years I am in the university. My father and mother live way down in the Ukraine. When she die, I grieve. Oh, I grieve me very much. I grieve one whole week. Then I say to myself, 'Eeda, why grieve? We are all on the same road to the same place, the grave.' And some day, I think I see my grandma again."

Seeing where she had landed, how far away from her avowed atheism, she closed her lips and talked no more about religion. Atheist? Yes, the dear little atheist believes in nothing but the Golden Rule, the brotherhood of man, the Sermon on the Mount, love as the greatest thing in the world, and personal survival after death. The implication of all this, of course, is God, and unconsciously in that five minutes of conversation the naïve child had dealt with all four of these universal prin-

ciples of religious thought. With all Russia's misguided religious persecution and terrorism, may we not hope that she appears better reflected in the heart of this student girl than in her ostracisms, her exilings and her bloodshed? The point stands out clear that either in denial or in affirmation, the human mind turns irresistibly toward these four elements of religion.

An inevitable inference comes out of the facts which I have here tried to present, and that is the wisdom and necessity of tolerance for the other man's, or the other nation's, or the other denomination's, thoughts and ideals. How futile, how asinine, how wicked the attempt to compel the other man, or the other nation, or the other sect, to think and act in a way that early environment and education render impossible, or to quarrel with him or it because he can not take our own point of departure and follow our own lines of thought and procedure! He has the essentials, the four fundamentals, the four inevitables, and he can not get away from them if he would. Why not let him alone to shade them in the only way he can?

The favorite accusation of the intolerant against the tolerant is this: "You have no firm convictions. You don't care if other people are in error. You feel no obligation to set them right. Tolerance is only evidence that truth is not important to you." Just the reverse is the actual fact. The intolerant have no firm faith in the

unshakable character of truth; they feel the necessity of fighting to uphold the truth as they see it, because they have not sufficient confidence that the truth is able to uphold itself. Intolerance is the first-born child of unfaith; while tolerance is the legitimate offspring of profound conviction, unwavering confidence in truth, a large outlook over truth and an unyielding faith. You self-styled defenders of the faith once delivered to the saints, cease your straining and your crying! The structure of human faith in the irreducible minimum will still stand long after your silent mouths have been stopped with dust!

Plenty of the most violent intolerance grows in our so-called Christian civilization in the West; just as violent, if it had the power, as the terrorism of Russia, or the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, or the burning and drowning of witches in our own Puritan New England. A dear, angel-faced old lady lives in a middle-western town, her face framed in silvery white, reflecting the Christian benignancy of a long life. She does not approve of me, however, and of my "liberal" views religious and social. Some years ago, when she heard that the surgeons intended to cut my leg off, she exclaimed, "Pity it isn't his neck!" I submit that that remark falls a little bit short of being entirely Christian.

In my city lives another charitable woman. I know she is charitable, because she gave me about one hundred

dollars in gold when I was starting for the British front in France in 1917, with which to buy cigarettes or any other luxuries I could obtain for the Tommies. After the war, because I expressed on the platform and through the press rather vociferous views against American isolation and in favor of American participation in international conferences, courts and the like, and because she thought these views inimical to the political party in which she holds aloft a bright and shining torch, she mildly declared to friends of mine that she would like to see me stripped to the waist, tied to a stake and scourged until every shred of skin was off my back, and she would love to be the first to apply the lash. I submit that this is just a little bit short of the spirit of the Nazarene.

Both of these women are good women; their lives prove it. The most charitable interpretation of their psychology lies in the conclusion that they are oversolicitous for the safety of truth as they see it; that they believe such free-thinkers as myself endanger the well-being of young people, of the state, of the church; and that just as they would kill a hyena or a rattlesnake in the path, so they would not hesitate to kill me and my kind. It would seem that Jesus had enough confidence in truth to enable him not to wish to kill anybody, even the Pharisees at whom he got so angry. The conclusion is irresistible, then, that these two dear old women lack just a little of perfection in the religious life. One of the

most prominent ministers in my city tells my friends that he can not associate with me because I am too friendly with the Jews and the Catholics. He is doubtless a Christlike man, but lacking just a wee bit in the breadth of him who, Jew by birth, associated with Samaritans and Syro-Phœnicians.

Funny how little we understand ourselves. I have always considered myself one of the most peaceful of men, loving peace and quiet above everything; but I have always been in a fight, always in hot water. One time, I went to a state ministers' association in Iowa to make a series of addresses. I thought those speeches calm, dispassionate, theologically sound and certainly irenic; but there was a good old professor waiting for me with a tomahawk. He wore a white beard and a black skullcap, and beginning with the first lecture, he literally scalped and skinned me alive with a vitriolic tongue. The ministers applauded vehemently, and in the general discussion followed his lead. I had taken my little four-year-old boy along and he sat beside me. As each speaker got up, the boy whispered to me, "Daddy, is he for you? Is he for you?" Finally I said, "No, son, there's nobody for me." I knew there were several men listening to me who shared the same views that I set forth, but not one of them lifted his voice. I really had no notion of making such a row. All his students tell me that that old professor had given them a thousand proofs of the sweetness of his spirit, but he turned into an avenging

angel when "defending the faith." Good heaven, the faith takes care of itself!

I remember my first fight with my best friend, Tom Quinlan, my seat-mate in school whom I often helped with his lessons, and looked up to because he was a bit older and stronger than myself. One day my older brother informed me that Tom had insulted me. I did not know it, but my older brother, whose word was law and gospel to me, declared that he had, no doubt about it. "Now you've got to fight him. If you don't you've got to fight me," was the ultimatum of my brother. Therefore, I informed Tom that he had insulted me and we had to fight; so, after school, we went down into the big hollow, just the two of us, and clawed and scratched and pummeled each other, until I considered that Tom had whipped me bad enough, the insult was wiped out, and the next morning we met as if nothing had happened. That is the way it has been all my life.

Recently, I came upon a sentence of Dr. Charles E. Jefferson which consoled me a little bit for all the constant warfares that involuntarily I have got myself into, when I know perfectly well that I am tolerant, inoffensive and mild. He said, "The priest is never in trouble; the prophet is never out of trouble." That settles it, I am a poor priest, and I am a piece of a prophet, and never knew it until just the other day. One thing I have known, and that is to be tolerant is not the easiest thing in this world. The path of intolerance is a great deal

easier; it is broad, and many there be who walk therein. The path of tolerance is narrow, thorny, stony, fatiguing and full of unexpected fights. I am getting old and tired, and I am thinking of giving it up and becoming conservative and intolerant.

Only, how can I do that with the memory of my honored predecessor in the church I have held for twenty-three years, Dr. Thomas P. Haley, my father in the faith? During all his middle life an active pastor, concerned with the problems of administration, he had little time for reading and study. He had more concentrated common sense than anybody, and his personal charm and dignity enabled him to dominate any company of people into which he came; but not until after sixty did he find time to read and grow. Most of us crystallize at forty. William James, in a moment of impatience, once exclaimed that nobody gets a new idea after he is thirty-five; but Doctor Haley burgeoned and bloomed in his intellectual life like a new April coming on, in a most unusual and inspiring way, in the decade from sixty-five to seventy-five. No, I do not think he, up there or out there in heaven, would be pleased with me if I turned into the broad easy path of conservatism and intolerance. He and God would talk it over, and disapprove of me. I shall have to keep on, then, I suppose, peacefully having fights to the end of the chapter.

We have a long way to go before we find our Golden Fleece, part Greek, part Christian. A long quest lies

ahead of us, and we shall need to strip ourselves of impediments for the journey, such as taking ourselves too seriously and considering that our peculiar brands of faith shall hold up the arches of the world. Some of the lightness of the Greek, with his inquisitiveness, his anxiety to learn the new and the strange, his feeling that after all perhaps life is a great deal of a joke, even though at times a grim joke, must enter into the air with which we journey toward the goal. There were political parties, no doubt, in Greece, and probably religious bodies, too, sects and complexions, for human nature is much the same in all ages and all climes. But certainly the radiance of Christ shows no shadow cast by party, sect, overestimation of the value of oneself or one's own system, no institutionalism, no structure to defend and uphold. The joyous young Master of Nazareth built no edifices, neither institutions nor philosophical systems, for which his followers must die in the last ditch. The elements of his abundant life and his beloved community stand of themselves unsupported by the necessity for egoistic defenders of the faith. I am very glad that he never built anything, organized anything, that we must use as a model for our devoirs. The church arose long after him, perhaps by necessity, but without his authority; and so much has the institution impeded our quest for the true religion that I may not be altogether unjustified in referring to it, as I do in the next chapter, as a necessary nuisance.

CHAPTER V

THE CHURCH A NECESSARY NUISANCE

THE very word "church" comes to us by way of the Greek. The *ecclesia* meant the popular assembly for the transaction of business, a sort of town-meeting. Carried over into Christian usage, it applied to the congregation of the followers of Jesus; so, whenever the word "church" appears one knows at once that a Christian assembly, and no other, is indicated. Mohammedans have their mosques; Jews and Buddhists, their temples; but none other except Christians have churches. Here the Greek language and the Christian practice merge. If an institution had to be erected—and perhaps it was inescapable—it seems appropriate that the organization should take on a Greek tinge, at least in the name.

During the World War I preached one Sunday morning in the London City Temple in the absence of the minister, my friend, Joseph Fort Newton. The Sunday before I had heard him preach there and had seen the great auditorium filled to its capacity. The morning I preached, there was an air raid just at church-going time, so the Temple was not filled. In my home city, a shower

of rain at church-going time is the equivalent of an air raid.

Joseph Parker, who, in his thirty-three years of ministry and mastery made the City Temple the greatest pulpit in the English-speaking world, never would have a church organization. He desired a congregation, not a church; pew-holders, not church-members. He feared that an organized body of people would want to run the pulpit, and would not allow the pulpit to run itself. He believed that the absolute freedom of his platform constituted the first and most essential element of greatness, and given the great pulpiteer, was he not right? Nothing if not dramatic, a great showman, Parker could peer through a little slit in his study door and look out over his congregation, as a theatrical star can look through the peep-hole of the curtain. He installed a series of push-buttons, lights and speaking tubes with which he could communicate his orders to the ushers in all parts of the house. One light indicated, "Hurry the people in," another one signaled, "Hold the people back," and still another was marked with the simple word, "Coming"; that meant turn on the big flood-lights and soften down all other lights, so that his leonine head, bathed in white light, became the cynosure of all eyes.

Somehow, a church of some seventy members got itself formed in spite of him and elected a few officers, elders and deacons or something. Inevitably, one old

officer took himself and his position quite seriously, differed with Parker as to certain policies pursued, could get no hearing from the great preacher, and therefore summoned a church meeting. Parker looked out through the peep-hole, and when the seventy were all decorously seated, he strode down the steps and took his seat as chairman of the meeting. In his big gruff voice he inquired the purpose of the assembly, and the old officer got up and for ten minutes aired his grievances; then Parker turned to him and said, "Is that all?" The officer hesitatingly replied, "Ye-es." Parker turned to the seventy, adding, "Anybody else got anything to say?" Nobody raised his voice; whereupon, Parker arose, motioned the people to arise, stretched out his hand palm downward, and growled, "Grace, mercy and peace——" and pronounced the benediction.

There is something to be said for this rather autocratic method of running a church; or better, perhaps, there is something to be said for the pulpit, the school, the teaching rostrum, without any church attached. Quite possibly the founder of Christianity never intended a church at all, and quite possibly Saint Paul is responsible for the organization of the church. Jesus never wrote anything, never administered anything, never displayed any executive genius, never formed a committee or an official board, nor designed any type of machinery. To be sure, he selected twelve men to follow him about, to listen to

what he had to say, to learn his message, and then to be prepared to multigraph it for the rest of the world; to be sure, he alluded at least once to "my church," but this allusion probably meant nothing more than an assembly of listeners. Certainly there is nothing in the four Gospels to indicate that Jesus ever dreamed of the tremendous, unwieldly, noisy and divided machinery which the centuries have created and multiplied to carry on his simple message. Fortunately or unfortunately, his greatest and most indefatigable follower, unofficial at that, Paul of Tarsus, possessed all the genius for organization which does not appear, even if it was there, in the make-up of Jesus. This restless and highly practical missionary secretary, Paul, went everywhere in the ancient world teaching, pulpiteering and then organizing. By the time he had ended his tireless career of some twenty years, not a city of the first, second or third class in the Roman Empire, and scarcely a scattered and isolated village, but had its church. I have often wondered whether the world would be better off if the Christian religion had followed the planless method of Jesus instead of the highly artificial and institutional method of Paul; indeed, whether it would have been possible to scatter the ideas of Jesus over a whole world without institutions to carry them.

One time when Miss Ethel Barrymore came to dinner at my church, she brought with her a volume containing

a certain poem, and asked me if I knew it. I told her I had repeated it the previous Sunday, Palm Sunday, to my congregation, in describing the triumphal entry of Jesus to Jerusalem, riding upon the humble little animal, the ass, while the people sang and waved palm branches before him. The poem is Gilbert K. Chesterton's on the donkey:

"The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb;
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far, fierce hour and sweet;
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet."

I put it in here to indicate to the church, the institution, that it should not think of itself with too great complacency. After all, the church is only the ass upon which Jesus now rides, as he makes his triumphal entry into the world!

It does seem as if any striking idea must be organized before it can spread. No great movement in history seems to have made a conquering way for itself until it has formed a flying wedge to pierce the inertia and hostility of mankind. The Crusades, the Reformation, American independence, the French Revolution, the temperance movement, modern missionary

enterprise, all these one thinks of as instances in point. Could they have won their way without organization? Extremely doubtful. Yet when all is said and done, organization, with all its clash and clangor, its friction and oppositions, its divisions and cross-purposes, causes no end of trouble in the world. It may be necessary but just the same is a great deal of a nuisance. What is true of any other type of organization is just as true of that man-made institution which we call the church.

Man-made? Of course it is man-made, without any heavenly blue-prints or specifications. Search your New Testament, and unless you have been trained all your life long to see only the prescriptions and directions for the formation of your own particular denominational type of church, you will not find definite directions in that body of literature for the building of any sort of organization whatsoever. You will not even find an authoritative name for the church; Christians, Disciples, the Churches of Christ, all these are found; but quite as good a case can be made out for calling the church "The Brethren" as for anything else. Paul more often speaks of the churches as "The Brethren," than in any other terms. The "Friends," too, have good ground to stand on, the word of Jesus, "Henceforth I call you not followers, but friends." Highly intelligent and scholarly men have found in the New Testament the specifications they were looking for and have organized

in widely different manners. Witness churches which have bishops, and some which do not; others which have trustees or stewards and some which do not; some which have elders and deacons and presbyters, and almost anything you please. Every one of these churches thinks it has divine authority for its method of organization, and doubtless it does, the divine authority of the human imagination; that is about all. Naturally, in the United States of America, which has an undoubted genius for administration, and which always in every important moment, crisis or emergency, moves to form a committee, there are just as many different types of church organization as there have been crises and emergencies in the last hundred and fifty years or so, that is to say, one a year, and in some instances, two. Somewhere between one hundred and fifty and two hundred denominations; I have not heard the latest returns! Man-made? Of course the church is man-made, or else God is scatter-brained.

In spite of ourselves, with all this machinery round us, we lose sight of Jesus in making the wheels go round. The machine so easily becomes all-important, oiling it, nursing it, strengthening it, "building up the church." When we stop to reason, we know of course that the church is only a machine, only a means to an end and not the end in itself; but the trouble is that we so seldom stop to reason. On the contrary, we find ourselves

planning all the time as to how to save the organization, how to make it bigger and richer and more powerful; and so doing we forget the message for which the whole contrivance has been devised. Teachers and preachers are afraid to give out the message of Jesus for fear the mighty concern may fall on them. They have no time to give out the message, for they have to give so much thought and effort to administration, gathering funds, quieting quarrels, repairing fences, patching up the holes made by gossip, egotism, ill humor, and all the frailties that flesh is heir to.

Traditionally, the church that I belong to has a board of elders, who "scripturally" are supposed to look after the spiritual welfare of the congregation, a tremendous contract, and a board of deacons, who are supposed to "serve tables" (see somewhere in the book of Acts), that is to say, pass the communion, take up the collection, see that the budget balances, and in general attend to the business of the machine. That phrase "serve tables" really means to look after the poor, especially widows, of whom, possibly on account of frequent martyrdom of men, the supply mounted rapidly in the early church. A deacon, literally and scripturally, indicates one whose main business was to look after the widows; so now, after this bit of exact scholarship on my part, deacons ought to know what they are for.

Throughout my denomination, I believe it safe to

say, the ablest men are found among the deacons; and the most troublesome men among the elders, because they have to be so good. Doctor Haley, because he found elders difficult, with his marvelous good common sense decided that there was not enough Scripture to justify their existence; so he counseled me never to let them meet as a separate body if I could help it. Since I am chairman of both boards, thanks to the foresight of Doctor Haley, I do not let them meet. A few years ago one of them took the bit in his teeth and called a meeting of the elders. I heard of it in a roundabout way, and knowing that they were spoiling for trouble, I sent out a notice that I could not meet that day, that the meeting was not summoned by the chairman and therefore was illegal, and that in short there would be no meeting. I think that was five years ago and the meeting has not occurred yet. Doctor Haley once remarked concerning a certain elder, "He was a lot better man before he got to be so good." One time President Jesse, of the University of Missouri, showing me about the buildings, opened the door of the faculty room, remarking, "This is the place where people get together to make trouble." That is the way with organizations; necessary no doubt, but nuisances.

Another thing Doctor Haley frequently advised me was this, "Burris, never miss a meeting of the ministers' alliance; not because of anything you may hope to get

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

done there; but to prevent the doing of some things you know ought not to be done there." I have tried hard to live up to that advice; and more than once in my little experience, I have been able, with the help of a few other wise, cool and calm heads, to prevent the doing of some rash and impulsive things. Just as often, perhaps, there has not been enough wisdom, calmness and coolness outside of myself to prevent the alliance from making a spectacle of itself before the assembled nations. Normally our ministers' alliance is merely a rostrum and not a legislative body, but it is all the time forgetting this fact, and legislating anyhow. That is one of the troubles with organizations; necessary no doubt, but nuisances.

Then think of all the trouble that comes from having members, trying to get members, trying to keep members from leaving, and the tremendously conscientious differences of opinion as to how members ought to be made, what steps they should go through to become members, and how they ought to act after they are members. Perhaps more controversy, more bad blood, more hatred, more bitter wars have sprung up in the religious world over this matter of members than over any other one thing. Why not abolish members, then, as Joseph Parker did, and just have listeners, learners, friends and fellow-workers? Members are an organized nuisance; church letters are a nuisance, because the clerk often forgets to issue them, and the members neglect to use them

when issued. There are more letter carriers, unattached, within a stone's throw of my church, than there are members in the church. I do not mean postmen, but people who have come from other places, where they were members, and have neglected persistently to become members in their new place of residence. After all, what of it? Extremely inconvenient for the statisticians, and maybe for the deacons who have to serve tables, that is, get the subscriptions; but outside of that, how much difference does it make in the lives of these non-members who formerly were members? Then, as soon as anybody becomes a member, he can begin trying to change the whole organization, and if he is busy enough and determined enough, he can make serious complications. I am increasingly tired of members, and would like to have the whole place to myself, like Joseph Parker.

Moreover, there are all the splits which have come into the organized church because of the formulas for the induction of members. Some churches think that a few drops of water sprinkled on a baby's head at christening makes him for ever a member. Some other churches think that the baby ought to have something to say about it, and that, therefore, we should wait until he can say. Some churches believe that the child, or the man or woman, should learn a lot of things, articles of faith, catechisms and the like, pass an examination,

sign a list of propositions, and so become a member. Others think that the educational test should not apply. Some churches even believe, though they do not put it into words, that a property qualification is essential to a vote in the congregation, while others believe, if they do not practise, that even the poor should have a right to sit in the pews. Some churches think they have found in the Scriptures sufficient authority for baptism by affusion; others can see nothing in the New Testament but immersion. How the sword of the Lord has flashed in the centuries-old battle royal about baptism!

Some of us used to love to bait Dr. Joseph Henry Thayer, the great New Testament Greek lexicographer at Harvard, upon this question of baptism. Every now and then one of us would ask him in the lecture room, "Professor, what was the form of baptism practised by the apostles?" With a faint smile, knowing what was coming, he would say, "That controversy is settled, gentlemen; baptism was practised among the Jewish people and in New Testament times only by immersion in water. All scholars are agreed upon this now." Knowing that Professor Thayer was a Congregationalist and that he had never been immersed, we would come back at him, "Then, Professor, why don't you practise it?" He would argue a little while about the inconvenience in temperate zones of administering an Oriental rite, about the esthetic value in a dry, warm, eastern country

as compared with the direct opposite in a cold northern country; about the loose flowing robes of the East that can dry almost instantly in hot winds, as contrasted with the heavy, stiff, black garments of more northern climes; and when we would insist upon the authority of Jesus and the apostles, he would at last laugh and say, "Well, what will the Eskimos do?" Nor was the remark simply jocose and superficial; it really covered a profound philosophy, the whole philosophy of appropriate and beautiful symbolism. Nevertheless, I know men who would die in defense of immersion, and would not think of dying without immersion; and just because I have not insisted that everybody who becomes a member of my church must be immersed, a dear good elder out in the country, who loves me, and likes to listen to me on the radio, asked a mutual friend the other day if he really thought that I am a Christian at all. On other grounds, he might well ask that question, but scarcely, I think, on this.

How to organize a church, how to constitute an official board, how to govern a church, how to ordain ministers for a church, who is in the apostolic succession and who is not, how to bring members into a church and whom to exclude from membership in a church—these things have made so much bad blood, heart-burning, hatred among avowed followers of the gentle Nazarene, that no wonder one doubts whether an organized church is worth

the price at all, and whether it would not be better if the whole thing were wiped out of existence. There remains only the doubt whether an idea can be propagated without an institution. If only we could find a simpler way, Joseph Parker's way, or maybe Jesus' way, that would rid us of all the imperfections which imperfect human beings can not help building into anything they make, any undogmatic person, it would appear to me, would feel that it were far better. My friend Kirby Page, whom somebody has listed among the six or eight saints in the Christian world to-day, has written a highly popular book on this subject called *Jesus or Christianity,* in which he traces through twenty centuries the evils, crimes, persecutions of organized Christianity and contrasts them with the temper and spirit of the teacher of Nazareth. Mr. Page used to belong to my denomination; perhaps he still does; but of this I am certain, he has outgrown the clothes of his boyhood.

Furthermore, its mere existence renders the church an easy mark, a shining mark, a bull's eye, at which the contrary-minded can shoot. Being human, the church makes so many mistakes, lays itself wide open to criticism, damages the very cause which it was built to serve. "There are hypocrites in the church! I won't have anything to do with the church as long as that man is in it; he is a hypocrite." Sounds familiar, does it not? Quite true, too, even if unjustified. We are all hypocrites.

Not one of us who, first or last, does not live behind a mask in society, in business, in everything. There are as many hypocrites outside the church as there are in it; more, because there are more people outside. There are just as many hypocrites in the lodges as in the churches.

I know a big, tall, angular fellow, who is high mogul in one of the secret orders, loves to march around carrying a mace and uttering cabalistic phrases in a sepulchral voice, who does not know what it is all about. I belong to that order myself, and at least I catch some faint glimmerings of the high idealism back of its ritual and its vows; but this fellow, I judge, has neither the brains nor the heart to appreciate the mysteries of the order in which he has risen so high. More than that, he is on the official board of a church of which a friend of mine is the minister and my friend tells me that he musses up everything in the administration of that church that he possibly can; that unless he starts every new thing, he will move heaven and earth to block it and that he is impossible in any human environment unless he is the royal image bearer. Now which suffers more from this man, the church or the lodge? Both, I should say. Therefore, with advancing years, I am reluctantly convinced that the less organization the better.

I am not here defending the indefensible in organized religion. I am freely admitting it, but what I would gently suggest to my fellow mortals is a bit of caution in hurling

the epithet "hypocrite." Better be careful, Mr. Man! Have you never put your best foot forward; have you never said anything to try to make yourself admired? Have you never palmed yourself off as a little bigger, smarter and better than you really are? And who are you to point the finger at a poor imperfect fellow hypocrite and say, "I won't have anything to do with a church as long as he is in it. At least, I won't do what he does. I am holier than he is." Look out! Your logic slides you into the position of the Pharisees, and opens you to all the denunciations that Jesus leveled at those nests of vipers. Maybe the only difference between you and the man you point your finger at is that he is crying out in his heart, with his head upon the sanded floor of the temple, "Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner," while you are exclaiming, "Holier than thou!"

I knew a man in a church that I used to drop into now and then when I was a boy. It seemed that the minister never could conduct the services or do anything else without the help of this man. He was always up in front, saying and doing things; and I did not like him. I could not tell why; it took me many years to find out. At that time, everybody seemed to honor him. I wish I could draw his portrait, starched, chiseled, perfect in contour, face like a cameo, clothes like a fashion plate, words precise, clipped off clean, words that rang like steel. He had a lot to do with metals, the precious

metals; everybody said his pockets were full of them. I noticed when he walked that he did not swing his hands like other men but kept them near to the openings of his pockets. Everybody looked up to this man, bent forward when they shook hands with him, and spoke in a peculiar, worshipful tone. I never went near him, because a boy of thirteen is a highly prejudiced individual and has a sort of insight that he does not understand. I never learned the truth about this man until I came home to live long years after he was dead. Then I learned that he would steal anything, did steal everything he could lay his hands on, parted with extremely little while he lived, and of course parted with it all when he died, even the hypocritical respect and reverence accorded to him during his lifetime. He was a hypocrite, and all the people in the church that kowtowed to him were hypocrites, and all the people outside the church that bent at the waist to shake hands with him and lowered their voices when they spoke to him, were hypocrites. Yes, Lord help us, we are all in the same boat in this poor hypocritical world. I do not know any pot that can call any kettle black.

A great many people cry out to-day that the church is going to pieces, falling down, waning and disappearing. Bright young men publish books about the *Twilight of Christianity*, and extremely bright editors publish bright and sparkling arguments to show that the church, like

a battered bird, has but a little way to flutter, and lo, the bird is on the wing. One can see with half an eye that most churches muster small attendance, congregations decrease rather than increase, the visible influence of the clergy wanes rather than waxes; any little thing serves as an excuse, a shower of rain, a visitor, a belated breakfast, to keep people away from church, from its board meetings, committee meetings, mid-week meetings, any kind of meetings; while no little thing will keep them away from the theater, the ball game or the golf tournament. That fact spells something, but it does not spell everything. In estimating a situation like this, the personal equation necessarily cuts a big figure, the prejudice for or against easily sways the judges; but for myself, an interested, though perhaps prejudiced observer, it looks to me as if the church were far from dead, nowhere near comatose, anything but negligible in current life; sick and ailing perhaps, but still tremendously alive.

Everybody admits that religion is alive, otherwise why so many articles upon it in the magazines, why so many books, even best sellers, about it in the shops. Religion and the church, I know, are not the same things; yet I also know that without the church religion would have hard sledding; it would not peter out and perish, but it certainly would dwindle. It may be a pity, but apparently it is true that you can

not keep any great idea alive, growing, gaining ground, without an institution to contain it and foster it.

It would appear sensible to make the organization the simplest possible, reduce it to its lowest terms, eliminate as much machinery as may be, get rid of all the clash and clangor of whirring wheels that we can, throw away all the elaborate creedal tests, fine-spun, fine-drawn statements and confessions of faith, elaborate rituals of initiation, and make church-membership so easy a thing to assume that it will deter as few as possible from taking a hand in the institution.

Little can be hoped for in the accomplishment of these measures from denominational councils, general assemblies, conferences, conventions. I never saw one of them that did not look more backward than forward. It remains for the individual church, and the individual leader, to bring simplification and unity in the individual congregation; and rapidly, it appears to me, this thing goes forward. The so-called community idea in church-life has gained amazing ground in the last decade. All over this nation undenominational churches, union churches, are springing up, which call themselves nothing but churches of the community. So far as words go it would be enough if, like Saint Paul, we should speak of the church at Thessalonica, at Syracuse, at Grand Rapids or at Emporia, provided there were not other churches in these places; then it would be enough to

speak of the Main Street Church, the State Street Church, or the Seventy-fifth Street Church. A church can be nothing else, should be nothing else, but a Christian church, so why any other name except one to locate it and distinguish it ? Community, then, serves as a good word with which to get away from all sectarian titles and bids fair never to become itself a sectarian designation. There are eighteen hundred officially listed community churches in America at this writing, and nobody knows how many others, not listed, may be born overnight. It looks like a movement that may sweep the continent, and accomplish the one thing that, it is plain to see, must be done if the dire prophecies of the disappearance of the church are to be gainsaid, the simplification of the institution, the reduction of machinery to its lowest terms.

This much strikes the observer plain and clear, that American churches have not yet progressed far upon the road in quest of the lost radiance, the joyous Greek love of beauty and well-being; but prevailingly somber, and taking themselves over seriously, they cling to the false asceticism and unwholesome suppression born in the Dark Ages. Religious people outside the churches meanwhile carry on the quest; and perhaps through them, rather than through the institutionalism built to carry forward the triumphal progress of the Christ, shall the end be accomplished of the amalgamation of Greek

brightness and artistic appreciation with the high idealism of Christianity. Church-people themselves have become infected with a freer spirit and a release from negations that promise well for the generation just ahead. We are breaking up old taboo and conventions and restrictions—a Christian may play golf or go fishing on a Sunday without compunction—and the break-up helps us along toward a saner, brighter, happier state of being.

CHAPTER VI

FISHING ON SUNDAY

Most un-Greek and un-Christian, the old-time Sabbath hung over childhood like a black cloud. We could not be happy on a Sunday, because we could not play, shout, run, work. We could do nothing but be prim, proper, precise, dress up and go nowhere. This Hebraic attitude of twenty-five hundred years ago and more, our fathers had carried over into a new land essentially un-Hebraic in its very texture. Some of the old indigo still flows in the veins of this young new nation, but rapidly its blood stream fills up with redder and healthier corpuscles. The old Jewish conception of the Sabbath rapidly fades away, not, let us hope, before the advent of another continental Sunday, but rather before the dawn of a distinctly American first day of the week. Here in this one particular, which may to many seem but a minor matter, but which to others looms large, we see how customs change, crystallize into morals and become fixed in a people's habits.

Several times in my life I have caught myself doing things on a Sunday which I had some doubts about. Once I went to the western golf tournament with an

Episcopalian rector, known at that time in the middle of the country as "the golfing parson," Dr. Paul Talbott. We arrived at Rock Island a couple of days ahead of time, and on Sunday the itch to get out upon the links almost overpowered me, but as Doctor Talbott did not venture, I found the moral courage to refrain, solely because of what other people might think and not at all because of what I myself thought. We compromised by spending most of that sunny day on the practise putting green. This compromise, he and I agreed, sufficiently saved appearances, but we also agreed that it had no sense in it at all. If only I could play golf now, I would play on Sunday or any other day. The value of compromise has its limits, and Jesus never compromises a particle on this subject of Sabbath observance. He broke the Sabbath, allowed his disciples to do so unrebuked, changed the whole idea of a sad day into a joyous and happy one. Sensible people change their behavior with changing standards.

The hunting and fishing club that I belonged to for a score of years would not permit shooting on Sunday, so I was never tempted to kill ducks on that day. Perhaps this rule exists because shooting makes so much noise, but, after all, it is a joyful noise, so what is the real sense in this distinction? Many times I have caught myself fishing on Sunday, and now have grown calloused. The last time I fished on Sunday, I was casting a fly

beneath some gorgeous cliffs on a Canadian lake when suddenly it flashed over me that this was the first day of the week, for, as outdoor men know, in camp the days go slipping by so smoothly that you forget to record them. I reminded my wife, who paddled the canoe for us, that it was Sunday; and to my surprise, she musingly replied, "Well, what better could we be doing on Sunday morning than moving peacefully along under these cliffs? Look at those rocks!" You should know the innate puritanism of this woman to appreciate how she has changed ideas with the changing times. Born in the blue-grass region of old Kentucky, with the strictest of religious conditions, little liberated, if any, by four years in Wellesley College, when we married, eons ago, she would scarcely let me kiss her on Sunday. A statute in old New England forbade osculation between husbands and wives on the Sabbath, and men were put in the stocks and the jails who ventured to violate it. Our Scotch ancestors visited similar penalties upon anybody who whistled on Sunday, and many of the blue-grass people derived from Scotch-Irish ancestry. This particular Kentucky woman has altered her outlook upon life considerably with the passage of a generation. She has not yet taken to cigarettes, although I am expecting it at any time, for her grandmother smoked a clay pipe and mine took snuff.

Two famous preachers flourished in Kentucky, good

friends of mine, the Sweeney brothers, Zack and John, both big handsome men, powerful orators and debaters. Zack removed to Indiana, served as consul-general at Constantinople under President Harrison, and for many years held the most important pulpit at Columbus in the Hoosier state, at the same time serving as game and fish commissioner. His older brother, John, preached for a generation at Paris, Kentucky, in one of the most powerful churches of the blue-grass country. During his last years, I frequently supplied for him, and after his resignation held the pulpit until they found a man. These Sweeney men combined in their natures the Achean love of beauty, generous living, a joyous outlook on life, with a devotion to the thought and the program of the Nazarene as well as anybody I can remember.

John Sweeney, as famous a fisherman as preacher, driving out one Sunday along a turnpike to a country appointment, spied a little boy sitting on a bank of a stream, pole in hand and cork in water. The reverend gentleman pulled out to the side of the road, watched the boy a while, and then inquired with an ill-concealed smile, "Son, what are you doing?" "Can't you see?" came the supercilious reply. "Fishin'!" John Sweeney pursued the point, as he kept one eye expectantly upon the cork, "Don't you know what day this is, son?" The boy half-sullenly flung back over his shoulder, "Course I do! Sunday!" The Reverend John Sweeney dropped

his bearded chin into his right palm, the better to conceal his grin, as he answered, "Well, don't you know that it's wrong to fish on Sunday—look out, boy! You've got a bite! Jerk him, jerk him! You've got him hooked! Hold on to him! He's a big fellow! Give him some line! Play him, play him! Here——" The preacher jumped out of his buggy, left his horse standing and, rushing down to the bank, shouted, "Here, you'll let him break that line! Let me land him for you!"

Years ago I could not have brought myself to fish on Sunday, but now all qualms of conscience on this once deep matter of casuistry have passed away. What changes in thirty-five or forty years! And what changes in the American mind and the American sense of moral values! I know that even now some antagonism will be aroused by this frank confession and some criticism leveled at me because, on occasion, I do not hesitate to draw the fish out of the stream, like the ox out of the ditch, on a Sunday morning; but these same critics who may abuse me will do other things with a free conscience that seem little different: picnicking, motor-riding, visiting from farm to farm or from house to house, and the lingering remnants of hostility excited in the American heart by the joyous practice of fishing on Sunday are but indications of the last remaining shreds of a Puritan inheritance. Religion we must not confuse with convention, custom, ethical theory, moral practice, and we need

not become alarmed because ethical standards change from age to age, for the essentials of religion remain ever the same.

In point of fact, we have been two thousand years getting it into our heads that Jesus not only violated the Sabbath, broke it, shattered it, but also destroyed it. When he healed on the Sabbath day, which under the Jewish law violated the Sabbath, and when his disciples went through the fields and joyously rubbed out the ears of wheat in their hands on the Sabbath day, thus technically threshing grain, and violated the law, and when this picturesque little group of able-bodied, full-muscled, cheerful men journeyed as far as they pleased on the Sabbath day, and created plenty of criticism by doing all these things, Jesus quietly replied to the critics, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Here he speaks one of those tremendous universal principles which reach to the roots of human behavior. He took up this consistent attitude toward any institution, Sabbath, law, scripture, church, organized religion—anything that got in the way of the growth and development of man. No matter what it might be, he smashed it and thrust it out of the way.

Thus he destroyed the Sabbath, and in place of it erected what he called "the Lord's Day," the first of the week. The Sabbath was Saturday, the last day of the week, a Jewish institution, not a Christian institution at

all; so it is absolutely incorrect to speak of the first day of the week as the Sabbath day. In destroying the name, Jesus destroyed the whole sabbatarian conception. In creating a new day, he created a new idea of the day of rest and worship. One day in seven humanity has found by experience necessary in which man and beast and even machine may rest and recreate, but the methods and the spirit of such recreation, to the mind of Jesus, differ from those of Hebrew legalism as day differs from night. To show how difficult it is for us to comprehend his attitude and teaching, I need only point out that even now, after two thousand years, for a preacher to fish on Sunday and boldly confess it—perhaps especially the latter—sends shivers up the spines of many good people. Those shivers mark the presence, not of the Greek religion of beauty and well-being, and not the joyful radiance of the New Testament and of him who is the center of it, but Old Testament literalism, the Pharisaism of America, the survival of a jaundiced Puritanism.

I hope I do not blind my eyes to the well-known fact that Pharisaism did a noble work for Israel, and Puritanism an equally noble work for America. Without the iron conviction and the utterly fearless fanaticism of our pioneer fathers, how could they ever have subdued this wilderness with its savage beasts and men, and survived on the stern and rock-bound coasts or the bleak and

wind-swept prairies? If their rigid religion made them burn witches or put a man in the stocks who had kissed his wife on Sunday, nevertheless the tempered-steel determination of their extreme faith and legalism enabled them to fight their way through the colonial period of our history to the building of a nation. That phase of our history, however, has now gone. There may come a time which again may call for armies of religious fanatics, terrible and invincible, but the present period seems to be engaged upon ends that call for a different heroism, different ethical ideals and different artistic values in living and in expression.

Our ship sailed into the Piræus and dropped anchor one bright morning, under a deep blue sky, and there lay Athens, a few miles from the water's edge, and there towered the Acropolis just as I had dreamed of it through all the years of boyhood and youth. When we ascended that classic hill and I eagerly turned from one to another of its historic ruins and told about them to my little party, the Greek guide suddenly exclaimed, "You have been here before!" Yes, I had been there many times before in mind and in spirit, but never in body. Mark Twain had, too, when as a youth he stole ashore and found his way through the vineyards to that same hill. How many Americans, I venture thousands of them, have visited that Acropolis and explored that whole peninsula, without ever having set foot upon it! It has

SCHOOL OF TH

entered into our blood far more than we realize, one way and another, and daily is having more and more influence on us than we can know. Old Greece faces a resurrection, a metamorphosis, in a land half the world away, just as before now she has risen from her ancient tomb and conquered first Rome, then the Europe of the Middle Ages. At last she seems about to send her argosies of thought, artistic yearning, esthetic aspiration over to a new continent. I have seen the blue skies, just as blue as those of the Mediterranean, melt away in mystery over the mountains of Arkansas. And the landscape anywhere you go in our country, or even if you stay at home, spreads out just as lovely before your eyes. That and our prosperity beyond any other nation's in history make it natural that our people should instinctively even if unconsciously develop a philosophy of life akin to the Greek worship of beauty and well-being, a rich, rounded and harmonious life. To the Greek the love of beauty was the whole of religion; to America it bids fair to become a profound part of religion. Already a nation of nature lovers, soon we shall grow into a nation of art lovers.

One morning I came out of the tent by the side of a stream in Oklahoma, and in the first rosy light of the dawn it seemed to me that the woods and the prairie had burst into bloom even in the fall of the year. A certain plant, merely a sturdy weed, there exudes a misty

breath in the night, that crystallizes round the base of the stem into frost petals, waxlike in their ivory whiteness, producing a blossom done in frost as big as a magnolia flower. Two or three hard-headed business men, seeing the ground starred with this strange exhibition of ice-flowers, uttered exclamations of delight which revealed, without their knowing it, the depths of esthetic emotion that lay hidden under their practical exteriors.

Once more, at the fourth hole of our home golf links, my companion, a rather crusty lawyer, engaged in the serious business of negotiating a ten-foot putt, suddenly straightened up, turned to me with a queer look on his face, and said, "Hear that bird? That's a mocker. The first one I've heard this spring." It took him a long time to make his stroke, and he missed the putt. Previously we had been talking garrulously, but from now on we made our way into the sunset silently, thoughtfully, for the birdsong thrilled that lawyer to the very base of his being. Fully twenty years have passed since then, but I could not forget the look on his face and the hush that fell over his mind and soul. I thought of it again when, not long ago in Florida, a poet at Rollins College was reading verses about waterfalls and birdsongs to four thousand people assembled on the campus, and toward sunset a mocking-bird in the branches over his head began pouring out its liquid notes. Many people caught the obbligato, turned their eyes upward toward

the tree with its festoons of hanging moss, and smiled. Thus the American, so practical and work-a-day, reveals at times, all unconsciously, his sentimentality, his yearning, his aspiration.

Something of the same upheaval of emotion accompanies for most of us unusually beautiful scenery—the dead silence of the plains, for example, with no stick or stone in sight, with no sound but the hushed breathing of a soft south wind in the long grass, or a mountain crag or summit with deep chasms plunging down and not even a torrent or waterfall to break the stillness. I stood one day for a breathing spell with a young Ozark farmer on a rounded hill in his open pasture. The view down to the creek with its line of huge forest trees marking its distant course, softened into something dreamy by the falling twilight, twanged on my nerves; but I had little idea that they plucked at his, too, until I turned to him and commented upon the beauty of the scene. Then to my surprise he said, "Yes, I often come here, morning or evening, or even in the middle of the day, to look over this view, and when I am down, it never fails to bring me up." I supposed that he had no thoughts in that pasture except about his horses, his cattle, and his hogs; but here he was confessing that nature braced him up in his battles with the complexities of even his simple life. Really I ought not to have been surprised, because this farm of his was once the favorite

camping-place of some great tribe of Indians, and from it he has gathered literally pecks of flint arrow-heads, perfectly fashioned, some big enough for spears and some tiny enough to have been meant for children to put in their play arrows, with ax heads and tomahawks, hide scrapers, and all the simple but toilsomely fashioned tools of those who preceded us upon this continent. A romantic place, that unromantic farm, and a romantic man who tills its reluctant soil.

Music, too, often gives me goose flesh and cold shivers, as it does most men that I know who are honest enough to confess it. Sometimes it starts a tear, actually does, and I have seen hardened old sinners furtively reach up in a concert hall, a theater or a congregation, and dig a crooked finger into the outer corner of an eye. Why be ashamed of the elemental response in the elemental heart to the fine arts, music, poetry, drama, literature, architecture? In all these things America, more and more unashamed, makes her strides, all in the direction of the religion of beauty.

"Old Shep," who used to direct our glee club at Yale, often poked fun at us, especially us tenors, when we slurred our notes and put in a great deal of the barber-shop manner, and said to us, "Oh, that's too sweet, too sweet for anything; so sweet it is sticky." Now in advancing age, I must confess with humility that, after all his adjuration, I have never been able to get rid of the

love of sweet sticky music. To be sure, I have learned to enjoy some of the classics; still they must have a tune to them, like the *Sonata Pathetique*, or the song of Mignon as she pines for her orange grove, or of Lohengrin with his swan—I blush to confess more love for Lohengrin than for *Tristan and Isolde* or *Gotterdammerung*—and, if it must be something else of Wagner's, *The Pilgrim's Chorus*. And I love the cello, because it is pathetically sweet. All of which goes to show that, as a representative of the heart of America, the middle western average man, I am learning lessons in the rudiments of art.

We got our American architecture primarily from New York, but we are carrying it clear across the country. Recently when in Lincoln, Nebraska, to lecture, I requested my host to drive me to the new state capitol. Soon it towered before me, a specimen of the American style, all our own. The immense sky-scrapers of Manhattan, at first considered so egregiously ugly, have now taken on a pyramidal, fairylike, and yet giant picturesqueness; and like them this capitol building in the huge prairie state does not, as all the other capitols do, lift into the air a dome in imitation of old Greece, but raises a slender finger of tapering and sky-scraping beauty toward the blue dome that bends over it. More recently, I saw a church in Tulsa built in the same style, not a curved line in it, all straight lines and angles lifting

the eyes up, up, to where the sharp tower, like the end of an obelisk, pierces the sky—American, thoroughly American. And from Broadway Temple in New York, clean across the continent, in every thriving city, similar churches are a-building, part office structures, part hotels and part sanctuaries, in the definite American style. Little by little we shall develop, are already developing, sculptors and painters, dramatists and writers. All forms of art we are quietly and determinedly setting our hands and hearts to learn.

As for the masses of us, we are hunting, as the masses of Athens hunted, for the new and the strange, for speed and stimulation, for the best social contacts, the highest justice between man and man, the greatest freedom to develop individual tendencies and to live one's own individual life. We are trying to get the most and the best out of life, the most of health, the most of happiness, the most of joyous efficiency and activity, in short, the most of human well-being.

To this end, increasingly, the American people are becoming an outdoor people. As the Greeks sought for a sane mind in a sound body, so American young folks are taking to games and sports and the outdoor life. In a short time, the ideal of the American girl will not be the emaciated and spindle-shanked motion-picture actress, but the able-bodied, rosy-hued Helen Wills. Already the tide has turned in woman's thought from a morbid and

SCHOOL OF THEOLO

sickly notion of the human form divine, and even on the stage to-day, strong, full-rounded, Greek-like girls are in demand. The ideal of young manhood, moreover, with all our public play-grounds, golf links, tennis courts and fishing lakes and streams, is increasingly that of the old Greek love of personal participation in outdoor sports and athletic games.

All this naturally affects standards, customs and manners which we have come to call morals. No wonder the situation perplexes those whose minds do not keep pace with changing times. Actions that formerly we held taboo, and for which only a couple of generations ago people were put out of churches, we now regard as innocent and even beneficial. Nevertheless, some parts of our country will be astonished to learn that in other parts the feeling of reprobation against what we have now come to see as innocuous in itself, burns intensely. There are still those firmly convinced that cards take hold on hell, that dancing leads straight to the pit, that a theater is no place for a Christian to be caught in, dead or alive, that a pool or billiard hall or bowling alley is the vestibule to the inferno.

My mother taught me to play cards, casino and euchre. She sent me to dancing school. She allowed us boys to make a billiard table of our own out of a pine-top table with green baize stretched over it, a border of inch board round it, and for cushions, top-strings

strung taut from shingle nails at the corners; our billiard balls were marbles. From these, we graduated to the billiard halls of the down-town hotels on rare and red-letter occasions when the necessary "two-bits" burned the bottom of our pockets. This, too, when the environment in which we lived bristled with hostility against such indulgences. Mother, I still think, took the wise course with her boys, for we did not turn out professional gamblers nor consistent hard drinkers. In my short career, I have seen more money change hands on golf than I ever saw on cards. You can bet on anything, on flies crawling on a lump of sugar, as I have seen men do. You can bet on the rise and fall of stocks as a few church dignitaries here and there are alleged to have done. Perhaps a good definition of gambling is "betting something that you can not afford to lose—or win."

Now in these years, when I find I need more rest than I used to do, and when my brain gets tired whereas formerly I did not even know I had one, I find real relaxation in bridge, with nothing on the game. And I know one other man, whom Harry Elmer Barnes lists as one of the eight saints of the world, who also loves his rubber whenever he has time for rest.

All this is pagan? Yes, if you care to call it so—the best in paganism. Why not take the best wherever we find it, in Orient or in Occident? No odds, just so it is the best. And America demands the best. On the other hand, it is not pagan, but entirely consistent with Chris-

tianity; and just now we Americans are taking in earnest the admonition to restore the lost radiance of Christianity. All the glory that was Greece, all the brilliance, the serenity, the mental peace, the soaring aspiration of the mind that formed the finest things in ancient paganism, surely this does not jangle out of tune with the teachings of the brilliant and the radiant Nazarene. The mood of America in her unconscious seeking for a philosophy of life will never become dangerously pagan unless it becomes dangerously material, and this danger, which during most of our history has been a very real one, is it not gradually being dissipated? We are going to think very much less about things in the near future, and very much more about the mind and its thoughts, the inner life and its emotions and aspirations. We have got to do that, or we are going to fail in this great unconscious quest, this seeking of a new Holy Grail, upon which we have embarked.

That the Greek ideals, fast becoming American ideals, are not out of harmony with the thought, the spirit and the action of Jesus, is amply proved in the Fourth Gospel. That book is plainly an intermingling of the best in the Greek view of life—a type of thought called Neo-Platonism—with the words and actions of the Christ. Its very name for him, "The Word," is a Greek name, frankly taken from the Greek philosophy; and throughout the whole narrative runs the finest of the Greek conceptions. No, there is no disharmony here in the

splendid double goal toward which our nation is unconsciously feeling its way.

I need scarcely rehearse the essentials of the Christian faith and morality which are to be mingled with the philosophy of beauty and well-being in our new and enlarged religion. They are the three elements of the old, old story with which every one in America is already so familiar. We shall continue to believe that the essence of human relationships is that of good-will, mutual kindliness, even more, mutual service, what the Gospel of John calls love, love toward all mankind. We may hold good-will toward people for whom we can feel no warm affection or emotion of any kind. When we do, however, we can never thereafter do any injustice to any man, wilfully and needlessly cause hurt to a fellow human being. We can not with contentment witness injustice in the relations of class and class, man and man, nation and nation. Consistently with this principle, America must work out the difficult and intricate social questions which multiply with her increasing size and power and industrialism. She must do it in harmony with fundamental Christian morality or she will fail in her beautiful, inspiring quest for the new philosophy of life.

Then there is the old fundamental verity of the one and undivided God, that Force, that Power, that Person in whom all peoples have always believed but to whom they have never been able to give a name. Jesus called him Father, believed him beneficent and kindly, ready

to do everything for His people, whom Jesus called God's children. There is no vengeful god in Him, no Zeus with thunderbolts in his hands. When lightning strikes a man it is not God's work, nor when disease fells him. It is an accident, a by-product of the on-going and on-working of the law under which all must live. God is beneficent. God is Father.

The final and supreme element in the Christian faith and morality lies in the person of Jesus, who claims that he himself is a picture of the benevolence and the mercy and the forgiveness of God; and at the same time a picture of the ideal human attitude toward all one's fellow beings. It is difficult to see God; easy to see Christ.

If America only succeeds in her more or less unconscious aspiration for the new philosophy of life, what a revelation and an inspiration she may become to the other peoples of the earth—pale India, stricken and divided China! With beauty, radiance, happiness, well-being, all that was best under the blue skies of the Ægean, mingled with the joyous faith of Jesus; a God who is a Father, good-will among men, and a very real and concrete picture in the person of the Nazarene both of the Father and of the ideal son! Not merely churches and church people, it follows, then, aid the advance of this twofold spiritual dawn, but all those, in or out of visible organizations, who combine in their souls the love of beauty in nature and art and human life with reverence for the Son of Man.

CHAPTER VII

RELIGION OUTSIDE AND INSIDE CHURCHES

THE quest for the radiant religion of the future in America goes on as much outside the institutions of religion, the churches, as inside them. "The Beloved Community" is not coterminous with visible organizations.

"The most religious people I know are outside the churches. They are too modest, many of them, to join the churches," said Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, in my presence. The remark fell extemporaneously and rather impulsively from his lips on a platform erected on the campus of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, during the presentation of the "Animated Magazine" which once a year in the middle of winter is produced there before an open-air audience of four thousand people. Eighteen authors and magazine writers that Sunday afternoon read about five minutes each from their published writings. Irving Bacheller, the novelist, who lives at Winter Park and is a sort of fixture in the little college world, well groomed, joyous and debonair, with his white hair and mustache, a favorite in his own right; Corra Harris, the circuit rider's daughter; Wil-

liam Lyon Phelps, of Yale; Percy MacKaye, a typical long-haired poet; and finally good old Opie Read, of Arkansas, over six feet and over eighty, with cheeks like a red Ozark apple and with a pipe at least fourteen inches long—all these and others of us instead of having our remarks printed and issued to the public, spoke them into the amplifiers.

In a churchman this utterance of Shaw's, "I know more religious people outside the churches than in them," at first thought creates antagonism and stimulates the disposition to argue, but the next feeling, if he thinks more of religion than he does of the church, rather thrills him with encouragement and hope. The figures do not show that churches have a strangle-hold upon America; church attendance does not show it; the statistics of additions to the churches do not show it; the size of treasuries, buildings, expenditures for religious purposes, do not show it. If, then, he sincerely desires that religion should grow and prevail, regardless of whether the institutions of religion, the shells in which it is contained, should be ranked as of supreme importance, then he can only be glad, not of the failures of the churches, but of the wide penetration of religion. More than that, this remark serves as a challenge to the churches to find out what is wrong that so many religious people and such profoundly religious people can get along without them; a challenge to reforms, to change, to

alertness to the real questions of the day, to what people are thinking about and concerned with; a challenge, in short, to keep abreast of the times.

I had no more than got back home from Florida until I found the remark of Albert Shaw buttressed and duplicated by a judge on the bench who had served many years ago as superintendent of the Sunday-school in my boyhood, but who has forsaken the church and now, beyond his three-score-and-ten, leads a blameless life outside its pale. He declares that he finds so much beauty of character, unselfishness and loyalty, generosity and kindness among the masses of churchless people, that those active in the churches suffer by the comparison. Naturally this attitude stings us churchmen, makes us feel that these gentlemen, good and keen as they are, see only one side of the shield and fail to take into account the necessity for organization to promote any great ideal. They should see the matter all round and see it whole. But just the same there is vast encouragement to be found, if we but sink our pride and do not seek first of all to justify ourselves, in what they find among the great unchurched masses of men and women.

If we do not blind our eyes, we churchmen can see the same thing. I know many profoundly religious men, unconventional men even, who do not and apparently can not affiliate themselves with any religious organization, just like Abraham Lincoln. Deeply religious as we

all know him to have been, studying all the churches by which he was surrounded as we know he must have done; spending whole nights in prayer as we know he did, asking every preacher who came to see him to kneel down and pray with him, and going in the dead of winter clear out to Brooklyn, unguarded and unattended, to hunt up Henry Ward Beecher and to ask for his prayers, he declared, "When I find a church that asks of me nothing but loyalty to Jesus I will join that church." In like manner, many men to-day can not meet the requirements of any of the churches that surround them. The young minister who now serves as my associate, and to whom this book is dedicated, declared once in his pulpit in Indiana that he regarded Abraham Lincoln as a Christian, and the church cut his pastoral head off for the utterance. With a spirit of that kind in many churches, no wonder the man of the world, in the best sense of that term, can not see his way clear to ally himself with them.

We all have curious quirks and turns in our mental makeup. One of the best men I know, I had almost said the best man I know in my city, can not go into any church because of one difference or another from all of them. He tells me that he would join my church if it were not for the communion which we celebrate every Sunday. It not merely means nothing to him, it actually offends him. Scores of other people find in this communion rest, help to thought and meditation,

stimulus to religious aspiration and a healing companionship of the unseen and exalted Christ, and would have a deep sense of injury if they should lose this symbol. We know in reason that it serves only as a symbol, the outward sign of inward processes and aspirations; but the necessity for the concrete expression of intangible longings so grips us that we can not do without visible symbols. This man's peculiar mind, however, repudiates all symbolism and desires to stand alone and to grapple alone with the intangible and the unseen.

The whole city knows his goodness, his unselfishness, his liberality, and I know it better than most of the city knows it. A man's use of his money reveals him as few of his other traits can do, and this man, subtracting from his large income what is necessary for him to live on, gives all the rest of it away. He gives regularly and heavily to the support of my church, to the paper it publishes and to all its enterprises; he built a home for Negro orphan children, and though a southern sympathizer, cherishes a tender place in his heart for this minority race; he built practically alone the Salvation Army citadel in our city; every philanthropic cause can obtain help from him, and everybody knows it. Withal, he has the most human, kindly and beautiful traits of character. Though advanced in years and giving only two or three hours a day to business, he takes time to listen to all who seek him out. He loves harness horses, possesses a string

of them, one record-breaker among the number, himself puts them through their paces on the track, and in the summertime goes about the grand circuit and to the county fairs and frequently drives in the races. He reads widely, the newest and best books on psychology, biography, history and economics; spends his evenings at cards with a little group of friends, and goes for the winter to California or Hawaii for nine holes of golf a day. He has the soft southern drawl, and the unforced quiet smile that gives you a picture at once of a gentle, kind nature. You can not talk with him long, at least I can not, until he begins exploring the ultimate questions of religious philosophy and soon gets out beyond his depth, my depth or anybody else's depth. I do not know many churchmen as religious as he is, although he disclaims it.

He will take any man just out of prison, or on parole, and put him into his organization; then he will have the man or boy watched, require him to go to Sunday-school and church, save his money, regulate his habits. Many boys are paroled to me, for the judges in our part of the country know that I am always ready to stand as sponsor, or first friend, to any man on parole, no matter what his offense. If he gets past the parole board, that is enough for me. I send him, seeking a job, to this manufacturer.

Many men stay out of churches just because there

does not happen to be in their neighborhood a church that meets their peculiar type of mind. One of the great poets of this country, who used to be termed "the poet laureate of Nebraska," removed to the Ozark country of southwest Missouri, John G. Neihardt. He has written in stirring epic verse the drama of the voyageurs, those hardy and heroic adventurers who in the beginning of the nineteenth century poled, cordelled and waded to drag their heavy keel-boats two thousand miles against the tigerish current of the Missouri River every autumn into the far Northwest for furs, and returned with the current in the spring. This poet, down in the Ozark hills, listened on the radio to our church services for a great many Sunday mornings and finally wrote me a line saying, "If I were in your city, I could be a member of your church." I immediately wrote to him asking what the location had to do with it, and whether he were willing to be a long-distance member of this church. He replied that he would be glad to become a member. Immediately we took him in; and his name to-day is on our non-resident roll. I have never seen him, but he feels that he is now a churchman.

Across the river from my home and in another state lies a considerable city so close to us that one of the deacons of my church for many years there practised medicine. One day a fellow physician talking to him on the street expressed his hostility to all churches and wound

up with the assertion that he had not been in a church for twenty years nor heard a sermon. "Well, then," said my deacon, "what can you know about churches and sermons nowadays?" He advised his skeptical friend to tune in some Sunday morning and hear the deacon's preacher. A week or so later they met again and the twenty-year absentee exclaimed, "I didn't know anybody ever preached like that!" The deacon replied, "Of course you didn't. How could you? You haven't seen the inside of a church in twenty years nor listened to a minister." After some months, he went timidly into a Presbyterian church on a Sunday morning in his own city, found a modern message and, to his surprise, an interesting and stimulating atmosphere, joined the church, and to-day is one of its most active officials and its treasurer. Creatures of prejudice, we so easily set ourselves against something that in some degree has offended us and refuse to change. Creatures of inertia, we get a-going in one line and our momentum carries us on so inexorably that we resist all deflection into any other course. This partly, at least, explains why so many good people, deeply religious people, stay outside of churches.

I have two married sons, ex-soldiers, newspaper men. The oldest draws sports cartoons for a New York daily paper and for a weekly magazine; the second is in the business end of a Denver daily. These boys, of course, came up through Sunday-school and church, but they

now never go to church, and have never removed their membership from the old home-church roll; they are non-resident, inactive, and so are their wives. The oldest one lives on Long Island, works at home in his studio until two, three, four o'clock every night and never gets up until noon. How can he be a churchman? Still, one day he held up his cartoon and said to me, "There's my sermon!" The second, in Denver, declares that he can not find a preacher equal to his father, that he has been spoiled for listening to anybody else, and that he can not find a church that carries an atmosphere in which he could live and breathe and have a comfortable being. Excuses, subterfuges, self-deception, I know. Correspondence does not reveal a persistent and tireless search for a satisfactory church home. He, too, works late on Saturday night and takes to the mountains on Sunday morning. The mountains, with him, are the real rival of the church. With another, it might be golf, fishing, motoring, what-not.

These two family men, though not churchmen, show concern for the religious welfare of their children, teach them their prayers, and are beginning to cast about for Sunday kindergartens. Some day, in all probability, those children will lead their parents back into church activity. Very frequently I see fulfilled the word of Isaiah, "A little child shall lead them." Meantime, we have small concern for the religious welfare of those two

sons and their wives, for our steady correspondence reveals to us their thoughts and attitudes. When on rare occasions we get together, their conversation shows no lack of interest in the profoundest matters of the inner life. The parson's boys are the worst boys in town? That is one of the worn-out superstitions, disproved by figures. Everybody knows, or can know, that *Who's Who* reveals more distinguished sons of ministers than sons of any other profession.

My own family proves to me that there is much truth in the dictum of Albert Shaw. The oldest son, a flying pilot in the World War, told me that once he got lost in the clouds, had not the remotest idea whether his compass was working or which was north or south; he did not even know which was up or down, or whether he was flying head downward or not; this, I am told, occasionally happens to flyers. He tried to give me some notion of his feeling of utter helplessness, and rather shamefacedly he said, "Dad, I couldn't do a thing; so I just prayed. I prayed, I want to tell you. Then I turned loose and let her drop for hundreds of feet, came out of the clouds, located myself, straightened out and made a landing. I got out and stood shaking from head to foot. I knew this would never do. We were always taught that when in a complete funk, there was nothing else to do but to go back up, to keep from losing our nerve. I took another ship and went up." Of course, in emer-

gency we pray; we all pray; we may pray in different ways, but we pray.

More religion appeared among the soldiers in the World War than most people could easily believe, and much more than appeared on the surface or in their casual utterances. Their language, for the most part, could not be characterized as prevailingly religious, nor their vocabularies—ingenious, inventive, variegated, eloquent, but not religious. Although a newspaper correspondent, I did a great deal of public speaking to the soldiers in both British and American camps and naturally held many conferences with individuals after such addresses. They wanted to talk religion. I remember one square-built, British top-sergeant, one of those chaps who have the reputation of being the most hard-boiled soldiers in the world. This man, who had fought with the first hundred thousand, the thin red line at Mons, survived, although nearly all of his comrades had gone west. He said to me one night, "I believe in the White Comrade. Fact, I saw him, as we lay in the grass at Mons. He turned the Uhlans back. They came right up to us, and I saw the hoofs of their horses, and they could have ridden us down and gone right through. Then I saw the White Comrade between us and them, and all of a sudden they turned around and galloped away. Nothing to make them do it but him. Yes, sir, I believe my own eyes!" I did not question this man's ver-

acity nor probe into his imagination. I would not for the world disabuse his mind, with any psychological theories of my own, of his firm belief.

Another night, a tall, red-haired Tommy, with three gilt wound stripes on his arm, came up to me in a convalescent camp on the Isle of Wight. He said, "I had made up my mind to pop off, sir." He meant he had made up his mind to blow his brains out. "I have been through hospitals three times and ordered back every time. Within a week I go back again to the front lines. I would rather die than go. But after to-night, I think I'll stick it and go."

I went out on a four-day cruise with an American destroyer fleet from Brest harbor. We convoyed hospital ships, taking wounded back home, and in the middle of the ocean picked up transports with fresh troops coming over. The flag-ship, on which I sailed, detached itself from the fleet one day, and at full speed, thirty-five miles an hour, the big battle-ship engines shaking the little cigar-shaped vessel from stem to stern, we steamed away some twelve or fifteen miles to where a British ship had just been torpedoed. The sea was covered with floating bits of wreckage and small boats, some upside down, some right side up. We circled all over the neighborhood, looking into the few boats left to see if we could find survivors. No bodies appearing, living or dead, we turned and went back to our convoy. Rough

going, this voyage, no pleasure trip. One could not lie in his bunk in these cranky little vessels without holding on, and one could not go to sleep without relaxing his grip and pitching out upon the floor. I had little sleep and spent most of the time on the bridge.

One evening sitting in the ward-room with a group of young officers, I saw the commander of the squadron enter with a sheaf of tissue-paper messages, that had come to him by wireless, gripped in his hand. He paused in front of me, bent his head down, and with a smile, half grim and half triumphant, peered with his gray eyes deep into mine, and with his Alabama drawl said to me, "Ever read a book called *The Pilgrim's Progress?*" I acknowledged that I had dipped into it a little bit. He did not know who I was, thought me a newspaper correspondent and nothing else. Then he resumed, "Remember when Christian was going along with lions on one side of him and tigers on the other?" I avowed that I remembered. "Well, that's just the fix we're in tonight. U-boats all around us! But I know where every damn' one of 'em is! And just let one of 'em show his nose!"

The literary reference revealed much as to that man's antecedents, his type of thought, his innate religion; and frequent conversation on the bridge, with a plate of breakfast and a cup of coffee in our hands, revealed even more. Like all other sailormen, I venture

to say that nearly all of our naval officers, and even the crews, were religious men.

I hobnobbed for several days with a blue-jacket in Liverpool. He had shore leave from his ship and we had many meals together. One day we stood where we could see the water and he gesticulated toward it and said, "I expect to sleep out there under those waves." Tall, slender, well-built, fair-haired and pink-cheeked, he looked what he was, the son of a race of sailors. Rather shocked, I said to him, "Oh, no, son. You'll get through and home to your mother and your wife at Providence." "No," and he shook his head, not with any dramatics or heroics, but with a simple statement of conviction, "I shall sleep out there." He belonged to the destroyer *Jacob Jones* which, a few months later, went down with almost all on board; and he does sleep out there under the western ocean. Like all the rest, that boy, too, told me of his confidence in immortality and his belief in God—no churchman, but a believer.

Modesty, thinks Albert Shaw, keeps many religious people out of churches. Yes, no doubt, a false modesty; I am sure a false modesty. We are not overburdened, most of us human beings, with modesty; much more likely to be overburdened with egoism, otherwise we should not keep ourselves alive and going; but in some particulars almost all of us may be falsely modest. These deeply religious people outside of churches, if they

thought the thing clear through and realized how much of their safety, their opportunities, and the beauty of their character they owe to the preservation of religion by the churches, would see the necessity as good citizens of lending their personal aid and influence to the institution which alone has perpetuated and continues to perpetuate those religious values which make our society what it is. They gain their virtues indirectly from the churches, but do not realize the fact, and so fear to arrogate to themselves a position to which, in their overmodesty, they do not consider themselves equal. They see the faults and frailties of people in the churches and do not wish to set themselves up with any claims such as those avowedly religious people seem to make. They have not comprehended, so fully as they might, the fact that the church, human, man-made and, like all things human, imperfect, can not claim to be without spot or blemish or any such thing. More than that, the church is not a place for good people, but for bad people who want to be good. That means all of us, for there is none good, no, not one; but all want to be good, yes, every one.

As to the rather academic question posed by Mr. Albert Shaw, whether there is more religion in or out of the churches, I do not see how any fallible mortal mind can reach a conclusion. If within the churches there be less real religion than outside, such a result

must spring from the natural imperfection of human nature which leads it to pride itself upon any accomplishment. So subtle is the temptation to get satisfaction out of what one has found, that one very easily gives up the quest for something further, not yet found, and rests in the position and condition which has been attained. Egoism, spiritual pride, pharisaism, this sin besets churches and avowedly religious persons. I freely admit, too, that this type of sin eats into the soul more deeply, disastrously and incurably than any of the so-called fleshly sins. The sins of the flesh, bad as they are, sometimes terrible in their consequences, sooner or later make visible their devastation and may be cured by change in conduct, by the advice of a physician, or by the very catastrophe of their inroads. One who eats too much, or digs his grave with his teeth, sooner or later pays visible and evident penalties and if not too late can save himself. One who drinks too much can do the same; one who is guilty of any other fleshly excess or illegality must pay the price, and then by act of will or of wise guidance, may escape the prison which he has made for himself.

With spiritual excesses, however, results do not so readily appear, the cancer of the heart can not so quickly be diagnosed. Pride and egoism, censoriousness, intolerance, bitterness, cruelty, hardness of heart, meanness, malice, envy—these things do not leave the visible im-

print by which the ordinary physician may be guided to a course of treatment. I can put my finger on scores of lives all round me in the churches, devastated, unhappy, terribly diseased, as the result of these inward and secret crimes. You can not convince these miserable sinners of their guilt. They have kept all the social rules, nobody questions their utter respectability, they have indulged in no outward excess of any kind, their surface shines irreproachable, but within they are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

I see this wickedness outside the churches, just as I see it inside. Whenever you point it out to people in the mass or individually, their defense mechanism gets to work and replies, "You tell the exact truth concerning my neighbor, Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So." No matter how pointed your admonition, it slides off like the needles of rain from the oiled feathers of the duck's back. Denounce these sins of the spirit, and the very people you are aiming at settle down comfortably on the small of their backs in their pews and say in their hearts, "Go it, parson, you're dead right! How that old hypocrite two seats away must be squirming under the lash!" Candor would lead us to the conclusion that in all probability more of this inner and highly forbidding type of sin flourishes in the churches than outside them. Yet, there are the lodges which one must consider, the clubs, the philanthropic circles, societies and associa-

tions, which tend to foster exactly the same noxious growths within the human heart. At least this happens in the clubs and lodges I belong to and I belong to nearly all of them. One can not fairly and justly heap all one's criticism upon the devoted heads of church people. Many of them, no doubt, like the poor deputy tax collector who came into the temple, not daring to look toward the altar, cry out, "God have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner."

Many men and women stay out of the churches for fear these weeds may grow in their hearts, because they see so much spiritual meanness inside the churches. They say, "I swear, I drink, I do this or that, and I am not good enough to profess anything." Their inconsistency, their fallacy of reasoning, one can point out to them easily enough, but only convince them against their will and leave them of the same opinion still. Constantly in my experience the expression comes to the lips of those who do not wish to take upon themselves church relationships, "I do not profess anything. I do not profess to be good. I do not profess to believe what the church believes. And I do not want to profess anything." People fail to understand that they do not profess, but confess, when they come into the church. They confess themselves bad, and confess that they want to be good. They confess the need of higher powers to help them to be good. They confess confidence that life and

the world, and all the worlds, swing on their way in order, harmony and purpose. Church people do not in reality profess anything; they merely confess. Certainly they need often to confess their faults, for they have them.

Unloved and unlovely women, suppressed and craving, get a vicarious thrill by rolling under the tongue the delicate morsel of other people's waywardness; and at the very first opportunity, they often do not hesitate to express their suppressed selves at the price of the happiness of a best friend. I know many white-haired, bald-headed and toothless old men in lawyers' offices, loan offices, down-town clubs and hotel lobbies, long past the age of indiscretion themselves, who get a vicious pleasure out of the attempt to ruin other people's reputations. There is no dividing line in this matter of censoriousness, between the church and those outside of it, between the United States and London. More is the pity, there are such vultures of the tongue living everywhere. Church people, if honest, merely confess that their tongues, like everything else about them, need help to keep from becoming bitter.

If the foul gossiper could only see the picture which unconsciously he draws of himself for the eyes of anybody who happens to possess just a little knowledge of psychology, how quickly he would take a reef, to use a nautical expression, in his tongue! Here is the picture:

Suppressed and thwarted desires, struggling for expression; his egoism running rampant with the desire to exalt himself by tearing somebody else down, to make a contrast between his own spotless self and the speckled and flawed victims; the desire to call attention to himself by impressive talk that can not fail to attract attention; jealousy of other people because he has not the courage or the opportunity to do what he accuses other people of doing, and what he would do just as quick as a flash if he had either the chance or the nerve. This photograph the skilled observer can find not only in churches, but in lodges, clubs, all other circles in which poor imperfect human beings foregather.

The fact, however, that so many beautifully religious people remain outside the church challenges the church to make itself more nearly equal to public expectation concerning it, challenges it to clean house, sweep out and scrub out the non-essentials, the worn out, the dust and dirt of ancient centuries, to clean up, furbish up, furnish up to the minute of the day in which we live. Valuable as conservatism may be in preserving what is worth while of old traditions, nevertheless most of the religious people outside the church stay outside because of the too great conservatism in churches, too much outgrown tradition and practice, too little alertness to the need and spirit of the present time. To capture the imagination and win the allegiance of these deeply reli-

gious people who live outside the church, the church must make itself attractive and so much alive, so joyous, so radiant, that they can not stay out of it. Unless the churches look sharp, the people outside of them will lead the search for the Græco-Christian combination, a religion of beauty and moral idealism. The grandeur of such a quest may well fill us with enthusiasm and eliminate fear.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF?

IF HOPE springs eternal, fear starts, too, at every turn of human life. On this bright quest of ours, can we not reduce our dread enemy to subjection? Concerning fear, an old friend of mine, Otto Floto, one of the partners in the Sells-Floto Circus, and sports editor of two middle western papers, one time told me an amusing little story:

"The circus had just landed in Cincinnati one day, got the tents up under great difficulties and in a great hurry, and some sort of order was just emerging from chaos, the manager all but tearing his hair with nervous anxiety and haste, when some rube, a saphead from the country, sidled up to him and asked him for a job, any kind of job, to make just enough to buy him something to eat. The manager, to get rid of him, said, 'Well, clean out that tiger cage!' and pointed to a cage of royal Bengal tigers, four of them, then hurried away from the menagerie tent into the other one. He had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour, when a string of terrified employees came rushing to him, crying out, 'That saphead has got all those tigers out of the cage;

come in here quick!' The manager, with his heart in his throat, ran into the menagerie tent. He stood aghast at what he saw. That greenhorn had opened the cage, gone in and tied ropes round the necks of those beasts, led and dragged them outside and tied them to the wheels, had swept out the floor of the cage, put in fresh straw, and now having untied one of the tigers, was trying to shove him back into the cage, slapping him and growling, 'Get in there, you big cat!' Nobody dared to go near, but the whole circus company stood off breathlessly and watched until all four of the angry beasts were securely back in the cage and the door shut upon them. Then the observers collapsed; and the manager gasped, 'I meant for him to take that rake, and work through the bars! The fool!' "

I do not know whether that story is fact or mere truth. Otto, good reporter, so far as I could ascertain never told things as fact which were not fact, but whether fact or not, that story, it would appear to me, possesses solid truth. That poor "sap," to use the slang of Mr. Floto, did not know enough to be afraid of those royal Bengal tigers; perhaps lacked imagination enough to recall to his mind their previous condition of freedom in the jungles of the Orient, their thousands of generations of man-eating heredity, and the possible recrudescence of their former savage proclivities. He therefore was able literally to get away with his ignorant and plebeian impudence to

their four royal highnesses and to come off without a scratch. Perhaps to those well acquainted with savage beasts in captivity, the incident may bear more marks of verisimilitude than to others of us who do not possess such knowledge.

Why should we not let that thick-headed and phlegmatic individual teach the rest of us a lesson? We do not need to go to the jungles in order to find royal Bengal fears in our path, nor to turn back time in its flight to primitive pioneer days to find our way beset with real or imagined dangers. What this man can teach is simple enough: that dangers boldly grappled with grow submissive, that imagination magnifies most fears until sometimes they grow beyond endurance; that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise; that we know too much, or imagine we know too much, to be comfortable in this poor world; and that if our knowledge should grow from more to more, we might perhaps pass the danger-point into a greater sense of security. We are learning, thanks to that brand-new science of the human mind, much more clearly than the good common sense of yesterday was able to teach us, that fear is the great enemy of mankind, that it is usually a ghost of our own imagining, that most of the catastrophes we so much dread never happen, and that there are very definite and scientific ways of conquering and banishing our fears. Christian Science, open to criticism on other counts, has

at least taught Americans to fear less, and to face the world with brighter countenances.

We country boys in my day had a superstition that a mad dog was afraid of water, and that the surest way to find out whether a dog had the rabies or not was to put a pan of water under his nose or bring him near a pond or stream. I am a bit skeptical about this matter now, but that is what the word "hydrophobia" means, fear of water. Whether the facts of modern science bear out that old theory which gave origin to the name of this dog disease, I am uncertain; but this I do know, that many people as well as dogs have a fear of water that amounts to a disease, whether they are mad or not. Moreover, people have a great many other phobias, or fears, of a great many other kinds, to which the scientists have given hard names, and which scientific men are recognizing, describing, tabulating and trying to cure.

For example, there is claustro-phobia, the fear of narrow or confined spaces, usually due to some unfortunate occurrence in childhood which took place in a narrow passageway or small room, and which was so filled with distress as to be thrust down into the unconscious stratum of the mind and forgotten. If once that incident may be dragged up by the roots and presented to the consciousness of the patient, he can frequently be set free from his fear. There is neo-phobia, fear of the new—we all have it. I think most of my

congregation have it badly. There are fears of the crowd, fears of certain types of countenances or figures, nameless fears of all sorts, fears of certain diseases, like cancer or the social diseases, which sometimes produce symptoms almost as distressing, if not quite, as the diseases themselves. You may make all the scientific tests you please, find them negative, and still be unable to disabuse the patient's mind of his obsession.

There is fear of the "sin against the Holy Ghost." How many unhappy people I have had to deal with who, because way back in their lives they had done this or that, feared they could never be forgiven in this world or in the world to come. A handsome couple, man and wife, waited for me late one summer night on the porch of my home. Well-fed, well-groomed, they looked highly healthy and prosperous, and should have been happy. The woman sat in stony but beautiful silence, while her husband told me of her haunting fear that she had committed the unpardonable sin. Then as I tried to soothe her by definition and denial, she began slowly wringing her hands and, in an agonizing level voice, answered that she knew she had committed the unpardonable sin. There were no psychiatrists in those days or I would have waked up one and taken the couple to him. They disappeared into the night at last, and left me feeling helpless and inadequate. I wished again, as I have wished a thousand times, that Jesus had never said anything

about the sin against the Holy Ghost. That was a dozen years ago, and I have never seen them since, but I venture the assertion that she, if alive, probably occupies a room with barred windows in a sanatorium.

I spoke upon this subject of fears one summer Sunday night at an open-air union service of churches in our neighborhood, and described the psychiatric clinic we were at that time conducting at my church. A young man and his wife, as they walked home from the meeting, exclaimed to each other, "Why wouldn't that clinic be a good thing for us?" They came and applied to the psychiatrist, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, an accredited physician and graduate student of Vienna, for treatment. The young man held an important position in a large manufacturing establishment, but had an insane fear of his superintendent. Whenever called into his presence, he shook like a leaf, stood tongue-tied, and had just about decided to throw up his work, a complete failure. The physician dug into his past life, beginning with the earliest years, and in a short time dragged up out of the forgotten past the fact that this boy, early orphaned, had been cowed by the uncle who brought him up, browbeaten, domineered over, until he ran away. The superintendent in the factory bore a resemblance to that uncle which the young man had never before observed. Deliberately but unconsciously, in those childhood years, he had set to work to forget that uncle

just as thoroughly as he could. When the resemblance came to his attention he at once realized the source of his fear and in less than a month of treatment he was entirely relieved, walked up to that superintendent, asked him for a raise of salary, and got it. I meet him frequently now, and he appears as free from embarrassment, as much at ease and assured, as any successful young business man ought to be. The phobia that troubled the young wife in this case came from storms, harmless summer lightning and thunder, wind and rain. She tells me she no longer cherishes such fears. She became fascinated with the subject of psychology, volunteered to serve as assistant to the physician, and for many months presented a bright, cheerful and confident face as she went about her duties at the clinic. She teaches large classes of young people and addresses public assemblies without apparent fear or shrinking.

We started the psychiatric clinic in our church, with a physician at the head of it, a trained psychiatrist, and with the ministers serving as his consultants and assistants. A brief religious service, with soft organ music, once a week in the big church, gave relief and relaxation to the tense nerves of the patients. Literally hundreds passed through the clinic in the five years of its life at the church; the psychiatrist in charge became prominent and busy in his private practice; other psychiatrists multiplied and established themselves in the city, and op-

position to so many free clinics developed in the local medical society; so we surrendered, as a church, further experimentation and now send patients to the practising psychiatrists.

General practitioners and even specialists in various lines grow tired of dealing with patients who have no visible or determinable organic trouble, but who come back to them over and over with obscure difficulties upon which the doctors can not put their fingers. They tell the patients there is nothing the matter with them and try to get rid of them, but there is something the matter with a great many whose condition the doctors can not or do not take the trouble to diagnose. They are sick in mind or estate, if not in body; and the sickness is just as real and painful as if it were organic. For these the new specialism of psychiatry grows rapidly; the fear-doctor has arisen and is multiplying in this and in all civilized lands.

H. G. Wells, who has prophesied so much else that has come to pass, correctly declares, I believe, that the next fifty years belongs to the science of the mind. In the last fifty, science has given us so many comforts and conveniences, has made life so much brighter, more interesting, even so much faster and more complicated, than it ever had been before, that one can live in ten years now what it took fifty to live in past centuries; and what science has done with these inventions, that and more

for the comfort, happiness, efficiency and healthiness of the race mental science bids fair to do in the half-century just ahead. For, as one of the most skilful surgeons I ever knew exclaimed to me one time, "The people are sick, sick, sick, in body and heart and mind, and they don't know which way to turn nor to whom to go!" That is the truth, and there is a real chance, which ministers and churches may embrace, if they are alert enough, to cooperate with diagnosticians, specialists, psychiatrists and general practitioners. The tie between these two professions, the ministry and medicine, is not half close enough and strong enough. The fears of the people, as well as all discernible diseases, need recognition and treatment, and these two professions working together can do more than twice as much as they can working separately.

Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of Macbeth to make a demand upon the doctor whom he had summoned for the half-crazed Lady Macbeth, which even now we have the right to make upon physicians whom we call to care for difficulties so obscure that none but the highest skill can trace them:

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

Fear is the unbroken heritage of the race, and no doubt in our beginnings ages ago, and for many eons afterward, there existed plenty of ground for fear. Eugene O'Neill's drama *The Emperor Jones* brings concretely before our eyes some of the welter of dread, real and fancied, in which our prehistoric fathers moved. The cave-dweller, his life beset with peril, full of fightings within and fears without, surrounded by beasts and weather and all creation to be afraid of, along the whole road of his long history, contended with enemies seen and unseen for the right to live. In his savage state he feared—and no wonder he feared—the shadows in the forests in the daytime and the eery moonbeams of the night. Every tree and every stump and every bit of shade sheltering, it might be, an enemy corporeal or ghostly, poor little man carried about with him so many charms and spells with which to ward off these dangers seen and unseen, devised so many totems and taboos, rites, sacrifices and ceremonials, that life became one long slavery and subservience to that monster master, Fear. Kipling sings to primeval man:

> "But thy throat is hot and dried, and thy heart
> against thy side
> Hammers fear, O little hunter—this is Fear!"

They tell us of giants in the earth in those days; well,

they needed to be giants to contend with their giant dangers. So far from living to fabulous old age, those ancestors of ours in the Gobi Desert, on the plains of Mesopotamia, or in the dark cypress swamps of the north of Europe, after struggling three or four short decades against hunger and cold, ice or blazing equatorial suns, starvation and fevers, wars with men and beasts, died young. Man born of woman was indeed of few days and full of trouble. That some little progress has been made since those ancient times in shaking off the fears by which the human path has been beset, increased longevity alone may, with some degree of convincing power, testify.

Yet, how much freer from fear, after all, are we now than we have ever been? Who is there without his burden of very real or highly imaginary causes for alarm? In these comparatively staid, civilized times, in impregnable America, with plenty of people all round us and all the appliances and conveniences of organized life, one would think that we should be free from fear; but we have just as many and possibly just as poignant fears as ever in the history of the race. Of different kinds, to be sure, from those of primitive man, yet our fears weigh us down and hedge our footsteps with just as great anxiety and apprehension as those our prehistoric fathers had to bear. That most of these fears are utterly groundless, that the things we most dread in life never happen

to us, is a platitude; but no amount of assurance that we ought not to be afraid seems to affect us.

The names of these fears are legion: some fear a draft, and life is made miserable trying to avoid a whiff of fresh air; blindly we do ourselves more damage by breathing the same old air over and over again than we would by sitting in a gale of wind. We are afraid of night air, because of an old superstition of our grandfathers that night air held something peculiarly noxious; while in fact it is no more baleful than day air. Since we have learned about germs, life for ever shivers with the fear of germs on cups, glasses, telephone receivers and in the whole circumambient air. We dread losing our jobs, dread poverty, dread a restricted income, when all the time we may be sure of enough to eat and a place to sleep. We fear people, fear opinion, fear being snubbed or condescended to, when all the time the other fellow is just as much afraid of us as we are of him.

Many of these phobias, we have just learned in the last twenty years, have their rise in early childhood, from the bungling of ignorance, from doting or domineering parents, nurses, teachers, domestics or hired men. Rooted in disagreeable incidents, we have long since forgotten the origin of these fears, have shoved the memories down into the unconscious where they have festered and spread. Generally these experiences of childhood which give us life-long fears contain the two elements

of shame and sense of guilt. We ought to be ashamed to cry out to a child, "Shame, shame!" We should never say to a child, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." We may cripple him for life by the utterance; we may even kill him. Is this an exaggeration? Let us see: I knew a fine young chap, almost from his babyhood. He grew into one of the courtliest and most elegant and polished young men I ever met. During the war he contracted a social disease. His closest friend, a physician, tried his best to worm the truth out of him and to inveigle him into a course of treatment which, in a few months, would have cured him; but the handsome young gentleman, taught from childhood to be "ashamed," could not be drawn out of his secrecy. Becoming hopeless, he drank heavily and merely aggravated his condition. Helplessly his medical friend stood by and watched him lose his mental balance. Finally I had to sign the commitment papers and consign him to the state hospital for the insane; then, in a year or two, summoned by the authorities, I went to his bedside and watched him die. All because of the foolish fear of convention. All because of a false modesty and the shame-guilt complex woven by our civilized society.

When I read and hear the statements of scientific men that all such disease, more terrible if possible than tuberculosis, could be utterly stamped out in two generations, if it were not for the mealy-mouthed modesty, the

false shame, instilled into young minds by conventional and hypocritical society, I want to storm and smash things. And I do talk so freely and write so freely upon these hitherto subterranean subjects as to shock and outrage the sensibilities of many of my friends. I know exactly what I am doing, and the price I have to pay in criticism, in veiled or open hostility, in insinuation and innuendo, in a supposed obsession on my part with such topics; but I shall keep on, just as rapidly as my little public will bear it, tearing away the veils from such mysteries, breaking up such taboos as I am able, dragging such matters up to the light and the air in order to save a few such young men as this knightly chap I had to stand by and watch die a miserable and revolting death.

Here is a child whose parents are domineering and censorious. Nothing that he does is perfect, and they are constantly criticizing all his behavior: "Johnny, you ought to know better; you ought to be ashamed of yourself; what will your father think when I tell him? You are a naughty boy. Shame on you!" Such language is deliberately designed to cripple the spirit of that boy for life. Of course those parents are solicitous for the child's welfare; they want to make him just as good a boy as they can, but, woefully ignorant, they are doing their best to ruin him. Which one of us has not seen this exhibition of parental authority and parental solicitude

working its havoc on an impressionable little human being over and over again? A teacher in Sunday-school, kindergarten or public school, with worn nerves, with indigestion, with fossilized mental processes, who has her own ideas about how everything should be done and every word spoken, driven to distraction it may be by the irrepressibilities and originalities in untutored youth, glares at a child, uses a ruler on his hand, and screams at him, saying, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're a dunce. You'll never know anything." She can put an everlasting scar on that child's soul. I know, for I had a big pop-eyed teacher like that when I was six years old, and I have never got over it yet. I used to dream about her at night and wake up in a cold sweat.

Religion itself, which some believe that timorous mortals have invented to allay fears, sometimes generates greater fears. Which one of us in middle life can not remember threats of hell, everlasting fire, and the certainty that most of us were not good enough to escape it? Even the bland assurance of the thoughtless Sunday-school teacher that God sees us all the time—that used to scare the wits out of me; and I know one little girl who was thrown into hysterics when such a teacher told her that "the eye of God is on you." A choice child, with a vivid imagination, she could not stand the thought of that burning, piercing, gimlet eye for ever peering at her. All the foolish things we tell children about the bogey-man,

the hobgoblins, the ghosts in the dark—tough little rascals may escape many of the worst consequences of this unscientific talk, but here and there a sensitive plant shrivels under it. All this heritage has come down to us, fear of people, fear of the dark, fear of all the world. No reason at all for a child to be afraid of the dark, any more than of its mother's arms when it closes its eyes to go to sleep; not if that child has been properly treated. No earthly reason for a grown man or woman to be afraid in a dark room or a dark forest unless, as a child, he has been mishandled.

Think of the tremendous effect of social rules and regulations, conventions and customs, upon any growing child; think how each one of us has been gradually forced into a groove, fitted to a yoke, adapted to an environment, standardized. Naturally we want to be alike; we can not bear to be in the minority, to be unusual, to think or act differently from the men and women round us. What a sense of comfort it gives us when we find we are in agreement with most of the people with whom we have to do. To disagree, to be different, costs us effort. It is like running out of the beaten track; like throwing off the social harness; like starting out by ourselves to explore the forests or the plains, trackless and solitary. Consequently, we have what might be called idea-phobia, or neo-phobia. We are afraid of the new, the strange, the unusual; so if any one brings a new idea to us, a

SCHOOL OF THE

new usage, a change, however slight, in social customs or even in the order of worship in a church service, we immediately take offense as if it were a direct personal insult. We do not want anybody in a forum meeting, or on the stump, to say something different from what we have been brought up to believe. It makes us angry right away—idea-phobia.

When our choir came marching out one morning with vestments on, a lot of people had idea-phobia. When the ministers of our church one day came out in academic robes, others had a fit, literally, a fit of idea-phobia. If it should suddenly become the fashion to eat beans with a knife, a great many people would immediately give evidence of strong cases of idea-phobia, personal insult. When it became the fashion a few years ago for women to bob their hair and their skirts, immediately a whole host of people frothed at the mouth with idea-phobia. Some of them have not got over it yet, but believe that the world is headed straight for perdition because the women have sense enough not to lengthen their skirts to what they were. All this sort of thing is the effect of early training and mistraining in childhood. Those who have these phobias are not responsible; they can not help it; the fears spring from the fault of parents and teachers.

Now we begin to see, perhaps, that religion is really designed to cure fears. Ours is a religion of love, and

not of fear. Saint John tells us that perfect love casts out fear. Can you imagine the author of our religion with any of these phobias? He seemed not to be afraid of any man or anything. In the quiet placidity of his life, there was no room for fear; and just in proportion as we can grow up into him, we too shall be able to cast out fear. Love, love and confidence, not hate and fear, makes life bloom and blossom, and great spirits, full of love and not fear, have made whatever progress this world has attained.

Perhaps it is too late for us oldsters to fall in love, in love with life, in love with our fellows, in love with the mysterious Unseen, but it certainly is not too late for us to give the little fellows a chance to fall in love and not fall into fear. Maybe it is not too late for some of us even yet, if we will go back over our lives and dig out the noxious weeds planted in us so long ago, either with the help of some one skilled in the science of the soul, or else with our own ingenuity; and in place of them, at this late day, plant and water and cultivate the seeds of love. America, so practically minded in everything else, will surely turn with persistent practicality to the new psychiatry and add scientific healing to its religion. Most psychiatrists that I know urge their patients to go to church and to mingle socially with religious people. In the young, however, lies the hope for a brighter American religion.

CHAPTER IX

YOUTH AS I SEE IT LIVED

THE tendency of maturity to disapprove of every young generation embitters the old and handicaps the young. The world-wide youth movement of to-day, like that of every other day, with a gallant disregard of senile criticism, goes blazing a trail for itself. American youth, full of its own brand of idealism, enjoys a freedom never paralleled in any other nation or time. It has its own religion, too, for what idealism exists anywhere but is in essence religious?

In Monterey, Mexico, on a square, I saw a public letter-writer sitting at his little table, and read the inscription above it, "Love-letters written here, with eloquence fifty cents, without eloquence twenty-five cents." The courting of young people in Mexico takes place at long range. On a moonlit summer Sunday night in the principal plaza of Monterey, the band played and the young men and women walked round the plaza to the music, the young men in one line, the young girls in another, and the two lines moved in opposite directions so that the paraders could look into each other's eyes

as they passed. This fleeting glimpse of a lady-love, as in the huge circle she came now and again face to face with her swain, seemed sufficient to satisfy those love-hungry hearts. At all events, this was all they could get of each other's companionship.

Anywhere in Mexico, as in old Spain, you can see in any twilight or moonlight the young chaps "playing bear." I saw them in the Mexican cities both in public and retired quarters, standing beneath the barred windows, sometimes with guitars and sometimes without, sending messages, either local or long-distance according to whether the lady's window was on the first floor or high up. All social contacts between young people, at least of the better class in Latin countries, has thus been hedged about with the utmost restriction, difficulties and stern chaperonage for so many centuries that in modern times the same customs obtain, and the convent girl in utter innocence and ignorance comes to the altar to meet her groom with whom she has practically no previous acquaintance. No wonder it frequently takes all the power of the Roman church and the Catholic religion to hold them together.

At the opposite extreme stands the social usage of the American republic and the Russian soviet union. In these two countries, so widely different in other particulars, I have observed the freedom and informality with which young people of opposite sexes commingle. I talked

in Moscow at great length, through an interpreter, with a sixteen-year-old boy Pioneer, just about to graduate from what corresponds to the junior college in America, and just about to pass from the Pioneers into the Komsomols, or Young Communists. I asked him if boys and girls both attended meetings of the young Pioneers, a body composed of the children of Russia from eight to sixteen years of age. He indicated that they did. Then I asked what they did in the summertime. He replied that they went into camp in country districts and worked with the peasants in fields and orchards. When I inquired why they did this, he hastened to add that they did it not for money, as they got no remuneration, but just to help farmers and impart to them new methods which the Pioneers had learned in the schools and colleges. "Do you mean to say that boys and girls camp together?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said he. "Of course, the girls have different tents." I then inquired of this serious-faced, rather hard-boiled-looking youngster, who resembled an Eagle Scout in his determination and efficiency, whether he smoked. "No," came the answer, "it is forbidden." "Do you ever drink wine or vodka?" "No, sir, that also is forbidden." "What would you do with a Pioneer who did any of these things?" I shot at him. Unperturbed, he replied, "We would not put him out, but we would tell him that he could never become a Communist and do these things." I saw thousands of young Pioneers parad-

ing the streets of Moscow, boys and girls all mixed up together, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen years of age, as ruddy, well-fleshed and happy a swarm of children as my eyes ever beheld. I saw them bathing in the rivers, with and without bathing-suits, and with apparently no sense of impropriety. Customs differ in different countries. Such freedom never appears in Mexico or in old Spain.

Occasionally we hear expressions, concerning the informality of American youth, that "young folks never acted that way in our day." We hear that young America is headed straight for anarchy in social relations, straight for catastrophe, straight for the abyss. There may be two sides to this question. Times change, customs change, relationships change, but, after all, the superficialities really do the changing, the fundamentals remain much the same. My friend Dr. Herbert L. Willett, of Chicago, in one of his lectures, describes for modern audiences an institution known to past generations, but now practically extinct, the horse-and-buggy. I am tempted to try to imitate him and describe the home-and-family of bygone generations.

The home once was located in a house, standing all by itself on a plot of ground, large or small, according to its location in town or country. The house stood near the middle of the grounds, and all that part of the latter in front of the house became known as "the front yard"; all that behind the house was "the back yard." The

people lived there for a long time, often stretching into years and occasionally into generations. Sometimes children grew up, lived and died on the premises; frequently on the marriage of one of the children, a house arose on another part of the farm or lot for the young people to live in. The family, made up of a father and a mother and from three to ten children, all met in a room called the dining-room for all their meals, even beginning with breakfast. The home table held a place of importance in the family life, and the family took time to eat heartily, if not slowly, and to sit about gossiping, quarreling and otherwise becoming acquainted with one another. Sometimes after breakfast or supper—for the third meal of the day was usually called supper in those ancient times—the Bible came down from the shelf, and the father, or the mother, or somebody, read a little bit from it while the young folks mused about their sweethearts; then a prayer followed and maybe even a hymn, with or without accompaniment on a reed organ. Even the young folks spent an hour or two after supper in the home, studying in their school books, or talking over the affairs of the neighborhood, for they had neighbors in those days and knew them. Occasionally some of the family went over to a neighbor's and did a thing called visiting. This word is now obsolete. Carry out this description into as minute detail as you choose.

The point is that this type of house and family be-

comes rapidly a thing of the past. The people swarm to the cities and the cities concentrate into flats and apartment-houses. The family constantly removes; if not from city to city, then from apartment to apartment. The number of children decreases and even those we have do not know one another very well. Labor-saving devices have all but obliterated the duties of housekeeping; rapid transportation, particularly the automobile, has enabled families to scatter as quickly as their thoughts used to scatter; the independence, economic and otherwise, of girls and women, has taken them out of the home and put their time and their hearts into places of business and amusement. This statement is no complaint about changing conditions, far less an indictment; it is but a statement of the facts which nobody can alter and which perhaps nobody should desire to alter. Advantages and disadvantages immediately occur to the minds of the thoughtful, and even of the thoughtless, which grow out of this inevitable change. One advantage that quickly comes to mind is the very much needed liberation of the young from the too great dominance of parents.

No one thing causes me more trouble in dealing with tangled lives than the unwise and arbitrary exercise of parental authority, often whim and caprice, over the young. The effects of it begin in childhood and many times carry over into tragic complication in middle life

and even advanced years. One evening in the dim twilight I followed a husband and a wife toward my church for the motion-picture service. They led between them by the hand a little girl who danced along in happy anticipation. Then sounded the gruff voice of the father saying, "Quit that! Can't you walk like anybody else?" No, she could not, for she had not grown up like her father and mother, and she was full of twisted wire springs vibrating with the electricity of life. Of course, she could not walk like grown-up people, she had to dance. Why not let her dance along, hop, skip and jump? Because it was more trouble for daddy to hold on to her hand. This reveals but one instance, by no means an insignificant one, in which the father, no doubt persistently day after day, subjected that little life to the twisting process of his own rough will, just to save himself trouble.

People frequently protest to me, "But I've got to make my child obey!" To be sure, when there is any real occasion for obedience, but not just to save yourself trouble. The happiest trouble in the world comes from turning a child loose, without breaking its will, to let it grow. The mere arbitrary enforcement of superior physical strength and matured will can only do damage. I sat at table with a father and mother and two beautifully behaved children, boy and girl of ten and eight respectively. Those parents had no time or thought for conver-

sation. Their whole attention centered upon the children and constantly from their lips fell soft but firm admonitions, "Don't do that. Sit up straight. Use your napkin. Put down that knife." Easy to see the strain under which parents and children both labored, a strain that some day will tell, perhaps in outrageous conduct on the part of those little ones come to adolescence or full growth.

I do not know so much about girls, but I believe I can see at least dimly into the minds and hearts of boys. Girls do not consult me so much; I am inclined to wonder whether they consult anybody quite as much as boys do. Our first child, a girl, lived with us fifteen years; then, though we clutched at the lines of life desperately to hold her back, after one short week of straining at the painter-ropes, her graceful, beautiful little vessel sailed out into the unknown. As I remember those distant years, during that fifteen we had her with us, there was no problem, no perplexity as to how to treat her, no anxiety concerning the natural unfoldment of her character. The one poor consolation at her departure was that I could not remember one single word of reproof that it had ever been necessary for me to address to her. The three boys, however, have come on to maturity, each one totally different from the others, interesting studies, each one, in boy life and boy character which have thrown some light for me upon the constitu-

tion of other boys. Therefore, I know the masculine young mind better than the feminine—perhaps also because I belong to that gender myself. Nevertheless, girls sometimes do come for consultation about their problems.

I had a letter from a student girl in a middle western college asking if I could fathom the depression of spirits, failure to concentrate, which she detailed at some length. Right or wrong, I told the girl that what she needed was not books but beaux, not more concentration but less, not strain but relaxation, not work but play. I suggested that she learn to dance and go to all the dances she could find, private or public, chaperoned or unchaperoned. Twenty-three or twenty-four years old, she could perfectly well shift for herself, and I knew it from the tone of her letter. Only one caution I gave her, and that not to get into an automobile with any young man she did not know well and could not thoroughly trust. Months went by and she wrote me that she had not learned to dance but had learned to skate, had frequented the rink, had met many young men, had gone to hear the preacher whom I recommended to her and found him sympathetic, understanding and inspiring to her best emotions. She reported progress in health, spirits, the ability to sleep and eat well, and a generally improved sanity in her view of life.

Girls, I believe, take themselves and all life too seri-

ously; most girls, of course, I mean. Multiplied years teach us to avoid sweeping generalizations, but I think this one holds fairly good. That is why I have grown to distrust women's colleges when the faculty positions are held principally by women. If there must be women's colleges of the high grade of the best men's colleges, then the faculty should be made up mostly of men. Women, in what experience I have had with them, conscientious to the extreme of cruelty, incline to be merciless both to themselves and to others. I have seen too many girls graduated from institutions of the highest seriousness, where women held the reins of authority, who have come out broken in nerves and damaged in efficiency, for me to be whole-heartedly in sympathy with this type of education. If women must have higher training, and I suppose they must, then it should be of such free and individual character as may be easy for them, pleasant and natural. As a matter of fact, this following of the individual bent ought to characterize all education, for men and women both, and it seems that the leading educational experts are thinking more strongly in that direction.

Youth undoubtedly possesses in America, perhaps in all western lands to-day, a degree of liberty which it has never heretofore inherited. Older people, scandalized by this freedom, which in their own youth they never enjoyed, either throw up their hands in horror or drop

them down in outraged helplessness. "Youth will be served"—this slogan has supplanted the word "Excelsior" upon the banners of the young. They do not greatly admire the world their elders have made, and they purpose to have a hand in the making of a new one which they hope may be better. Youth movements go forward more or less effectively in various nations, and youth organizations of all complexions multiply rapidly on all sides.

For years we have conducted what is called a youth forum at our church. Through this forum many young people have come into consultation with the ministers of the church concerning occupational difficulties, concerning social relations, even their love-affairs, and have found some help and relief by the mere telling. In most instances, over-dominance of parents has figured. Boys have unwillingly been forced into distasteful lines of life-work by the preference of fathers and mothers, with the resulting friction, nerve strain, unhappiness and injury to health which must inevitably result from uncongenial employment. Girls fret and fume, get nerves and hysteria, because ignorant, if not unsympathetic, parents wilfully forbid the free exercise of discretion in the choice of friendships. I am well aware that sometimes the solicitude of parents lest their girls get into serious trouble actuates this domination; but in spite of the increased liberty which young people enjoy, a lib-

erty which to some minds amounts to license, I am satisfied that the danger still lies in the direction of unwise dominance.

I know a beautiful woman, now nearing forty and unmarried, whose face has grown hard as granite through smothered rebellion against her father, because he has driven away every man who ever showed her attention. Very wealthy, the father naturally feared fortune-hunters, and unable to judge between man and man, through excessive solicitude for his daughter's welfare, he has practically kept her isolated from all masculine contacts, without occupation, without interests except musical and literary in which she excels, but with a powerful mother instinct which should long ago have met fulfilment. I can not look into that beautiful tragic face without deep sadness. He has ruined her life. I know another woman whose father treated her in much the same way until she, too, grew embittered, denounced her father for spoiling her life, and then in middle years kicked loose from her shackles and lives a love life surreptitiously with a married man in Greenwich Village.

To the best of my belief and knowledge, youth possesses a natural caution, not to say timidity, and does not generally go ahead more rapidly than nature and safety under social convention would justify. The few girls who jump from fast motor-cars and kill themselves to save their honor, would have done something

equally desperate in an older day. The few who get drunk, or take knockout drops at the hands of unscrupulous men, would have been entangled in some sort of net equally disastrous in the gay 'nineties of the last century. This age drives fast, but the fastest driving may sometimes be the safest; any one of my boys can drive a motor-car much faster and more safely than his father. A certain caution and, given the necessary knowledge, a certain discretion, inheres in youth, along with an idealism long since lost by disillusioned maturity, that for the most part saves them whole. A truism, no doubt, but none the less necessary of repetition and emphasis, that American youth, with all its sophistication and youthful cynicism, compares favorably with any previous generation for fineness of fiber, strength of muscle and will, exaltation of hope and motive, and promise of achievement, all of which seems to me to partake of the religious.

A girl well along in the twenties, a stenographer, came to me complaining of depression, worn nerves, constant fatigue and sleeplessness. She looked well, pretty, wholesome in every way; and as I have known her from childhood through her regular attendance at my church, I felt very sure that nothing of disastrous nature had happened in her life. She said her physician had recommended rest and a trip; so she was going to California to stay several months. Trips often do good, and yet I

have learned that one can not easily run away from oneself, nor from the net of circumstance in which one finds oneself entangled. I felt sure, therefore, that even in California this girl must find some outlet for forces pent up within which had found no means of relief. I asked her about her social life, about the men she met, about dances and parties; and found that she met men only in a business way, had no social contacts, little or no play. She went straight from her home and her parents to the office, transacted business all day, and then home to quiet evenings.

I suggested that she must have social life, men friends, some gaiety and the self-expression essential to her time of life. As attractive as her mirror must reveal herself to her own eyes, she could not but feel that she could draw people to her, but she had never had a chance. I told her then to make her chances, to go out of her way to meet people on a social plane, men and women both, but especially men, advised her even to scrape acquaintance with any man on street-car or train who interested her, to ask for the loan of his magazine, or to offer him her newspaper, to inquire what time it was, anything to open a conversation. Then I gave her the same warning about getting into motor-cars with strangers that I had given to the college girl, and bade her good-by as she started for California. When she returned some months later, she met me in the crowd at the close of the service

EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

on a Sunday morning, with a happy face. I knew at a glance that things had gone well with her and asked her to drop in at the first opportunity and tell me about herself. In a few days she came at my consultation hours, told me how, in a beautiful city by the Pacific Ocean, she had met in the park a young man and they had casually become acquainted, how the acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and how they had carried on that delightful friendship during her whole stay in California. So far as I know, that friendship has not progressed, but now, after several years, that girl, still unmarried, always greets me with a happy countenance, with no more depression or complaint.

Of course, I would not give everybody such advice as this. A person has to pick the people to whom he suggests any violation of the conventions; but this girl, mature, experienced, at home in the business world, I knew perfectly well could estimate people at something like their real value. Why, then, should the lack of chaperonage, of conventional surroundings, of introductions and formalities, stand in the way of opportunities for social contacts and expressions? The girl suffered from intense loneliness, and all the more because of her conscientiousness and attractiveness. I have given similar advice to many other young women, married and unmarried, maids and widows, and have never yet heard of any embarrassing outcome,—quite the contrary.

During the war, in England, France and Italy, I saw the same informalities, the same breaking down of polite conventions, with a result of free and easy contacts among high and low, rich and poor, men and women. Nobody ever sought or seemed to need an introduction in those war days. I knew well the excesses going on in all the belligerent nations close to the battle-lines, but I did not believe, and do not now, that these excesses sprang from the mere breaking down of artificial social usages, but from causes which ran considerably deeper. The artificiality of organized society, with its restraints and suppressions, necessary no doubt to an ordered world, causes pain to individuals caught here and there in the cogs of the great social machine; and such individuals, with good sense and caution, should not hesitate to rescue themselves from unfortunate conditions. The young of America, recognizing this fact, take daring chances, possibly go to extremes at times, but on the whole, in my judgment, conduct themselves with just as much wisdom and the same amount of resultant safety as any generation of young people that has preceded them.

The more young people are trusted, the more certainly will they prove equal to the trust. A young boy of nineteen came to me in perplexity one evening saying that he had got his foot into it without intending to. He had agreed to go out in a party of four with a gay bachelor

of twenty-seven, man of the world, and now the bachelor had revealed to him that it was his plan for all four to spend the night in the bachelor's apartments. The boy told me that he did not wish to give up his innocence, that he was not yet ready—he was just that frank—but that he did not wish to offend his older friend because of family relationships and because he was fond of the bachelor. At first, I suggested cancellation of the engagement, but soon saw that the young man was not satisfied; he could not do it with good grace or good conscience. Then, after talking it out for a quarter of an hour, the boy suggested his own plan, and I agreed that if he felt he were strong enough to carry it out, perhaps this was the best solution. Next morning, very early, with his top-coat buttoned tight up around his throat to hide his dress clothes, he came to my office laughing, shut the door behind him and breathlessly sat down in a chair opposite to me across the desk. "Well, Charles," I grinned, "how did you get along?" (Of course, his name was not Charles.) He chuckled a while, rather proud of himself, and told me the story. The quartet spent the evening in the bachelor's apartments, danced to the victrola, took a limited number of drinks and spent the night there. The young lad honestly told his girl how he felt about the situation; she understood and commended him, and they each got a little sleep on the two lounges in the sitting-room. At dawn, the telephone be-

gan to ring, the young bachelor came out of his room to answer it, declared that the management of the apartment had suspicions concerning the party, and he must go down to straighten up the affair. He advised that the younger couple go down the fire-escape, which they did, the boy first, leaping to the ground and catching the girl in his arms as she followed him. I believed, and still believe, the story. I tell it here just to show that American youth has its own code, its ideals which, even under the greatest provocation, it will not transgress, its line of demarcation between what it will and will not do.

Youth relies on itself, but sometimes feels the need of an older head and an older hand. Once a young man nearly twenty called me by telephone expressing a desire to talk with me. I asked him to come to my office at the church, but he did not wish to come there. Then I suggested my home, but he did not wish to meet me there. One of the clubs? No. One of the hotels? No. Perceiving that the situation might forebode something serious, I told him that I would drive my car to a certain street corner at a certain hour, and he could come and get in with me and there tell me his trouble. He came, with a haggard face, and sat down beside me in the car. Then he could not speak. Gently I began asking him questions, but he could scarcely find the words to answer them. Had he been drinking? No, not that. Gambling? No, worse than that. In trouble with a

woman? No, not that. I exhausted all the usual difficulties that young men get into, and he shook his head at every suggestion, saying it was too awful to tell.

Then I replied, "Son, if it is as serious as that, you ought not to tell me. There is only one man you ought to tell; that is your dad." He protested, "Oh, I can't tell him. He has already been so good to me, has forgiven me so much." Never mind," I said. "He'll forgive you again. I know your dad. He is one in a thousand. Besides, any father who is half a father will understand the difficulties of his son and will help him out. He's your best friend. This thing is probably not half so bad as you think it is, and will be entirely manageable by him; so I'm going to take you to him." After a great deal of persuasion he consented. I drove to the building in which his father had an office, took the boy to the elevator and watched him start up. Then I came away, and heard no more about it. Several months later, however, I ran into the lad on the street, shook hands in a crowd, and passed on with nothing but a word of greeting, but the care-free look in his eyes and his boyish smile told me all I wanted to know.

American youth, on the whole, seems fairly well equal to its mission of creating a newer and finer religion than its elders have enjoyed, a brighter, more artistic, freer and larger faith in life and love for life. Religion will grow into a greater thing when our boys and girls have

lived their lives, just as America will grow into a more splendid land when they have done building, carving, painting and writing in it. Some things we of the older generation can still do to help them, thank God, but mostly by giving them a great deal of leeway. Unschooled in girl-nature, I would not venture to prescribe general lines of management for girls, but knowing boys a little, I do venture to suggest in the next chapter some methods of dealing with them.

CHAPTER X

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR BOYS

We can not do a wiser thing than to help our boys fit themselves for their high calling: the shaping of that beautiful thing, the American religion of the centuries to come. For, to accomplish this mission of theirs, they must have free and skilled minds and fingers, quick and responsive hearts and imaginations. All things beautiful and true and lovely they must handle and work into the fabric upon which they shall be engaged. We dare not spoil them as artists, cripple them as originating artificers, or blight and befog them as thinkers.

I venture therefore to put forward a new set of ten commandments for boys. The following commandments should be perused with a sympathetic and understanding mind which can read between the lines; otherwise something of the fine flavor, purpose and spirit of them may be lost. Narrow provincialism and ancient prejudice can not appreciate the subtlety and wisdom, rivaling that of Ben Franklin, contained in these commandments, of which I claim sole authorship and copyright. These commandments may not work for your

boys, and may have to be shaded or adapted or stretched, as possibly all commandments really ought to be, to fit individual cases, but they have worked fairly well for my boys.

Two of those boys, successful newspaper men, now have homes of their own; the third, nearly twenty-one, graduates soon from a small southern college, after majoring in golf, in which he has taken some modest honors. Some one has said that there is no such satisfaction in life as being the father of a successful son. If, as has been suggested, the first seven years count most in effect upon life, then every father must give credit to his wife, gladly or grudgingly, for the way in which his boys turn out. For my part, I freely give it to their mother; she had them almost exclusively for those first seven years, and whenever I put my thumb into the pie, I always spoiled things. Finally, I gained the wisdom to keep my hands off and let her handle the little fellows.

I remember as if it were yesterday the last time I administered physical punishment to one of those boys, the oldest. The middle of the night, the little four-year-old refusing to sleep, keeping us awake by sitting up in his bed talking, laughing, fretting by turns; gentle commands from father and mother to the youngster to hush up and go to sleep; admonitions growing stronger and sterner with no effect; then the irate father reaching for a razor strap and operating with it where it would do

the most good—or harm; the little fellow tumbling out of bed, fighting his way across the room into the closet and cowering away in the darkness in the corner; a two-hour struggle utterly without triumph on the part of the stronger party and a broken-hearted little boy, who must have had a bit of indigestion, finally blubbering into exhausted sleep. Then and there that father took a big oath never again to lay the weight of his finger in anger or even in punishment in cool blood upon one of his children. That oath has been kept. It makes me remember that my mother told me with a laugh when I was young how she early served notice on my father that he was never to raise his hand against one of "her children" and how Laughing Andy only smiled with gratification and left it all to her. The worst physical punishment that I can remember in my own boyhood was the thump of a thimble on my head or a rap from a knitting needle. No, I do remember a switching that a big pop-eyed teacher gave me in school, which did not hurt my legs but certainly hurt my pride, and ever since that day I have been constitutionally opposed to corporal punishment in the public schools.

The presumption of offering ten commandments for boys I justify upon two counts: first, we have had three boys in our home and I have watched my wife handle them; second, I can remember my own boyhood, which is more than most men seem able to do, and can restore

by imagination, to a slight degree, the feelings and emotions, the perplexities and tangled reactions of boyhood times. I can not do this so well as Booth Tarkington, but so many fathers and mothers can not do it at all that one of the sources of constant difficulty in dealing with parishioners in our experience at my church arises from the total inability of fathers and mothers to get the point of view of their young folks and the relentless determination of parents to force on their children their own grown-up and arbitrary decisions. This applies not only to the most insignificant matters, like rugs and furniture, but also to such vital affairs as amusements, companionships, vocations and matrimony. So much for introduction, now for the commandments:

Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not play billiards or pool, cards or other games that have bad associations; but I say unto you, They are great and skilful and scientific games and at some period in your life you will have a well-nigh irresistible desire to play them; so go ahead, then, and play hard at them while you are young and the impulse is upon you, for after a while they will no longer interest you. I know very few things but have had their bad associations, their bad phases and their excesses; this is true even of religious ceremonials. Men gamble upon golf, but few people reprobate golf. This old objection about the associations connected with games, as with theaters and

race-horses, has in it no real good sense; for just as every error is a truth abused, so every good thing may become bad by excess and abuse. For myself, I learned certain card games, casino, euchre, poker, at home with my mother, and never cared to play cards afterward, until very recently I find I can enjoy bridge about once a week, not twice.

One of my sons and I, while motoring in the West with his mother, when he was about fifteen, finding no motion-pictures in many little Colorado towns, played pool every evening in the pool halls, the only thing that we could find to do together. At first I beat him every game, but by autumn I could never win. In one town in the heart of the mountains, where we stayed for several weeks, a young Methodist preacher dropped in to watch us, having heard that a minister from "back East" was playing pool, unheard-of thing, with his boy. Finally he took a cue and joined in; then came the Baptist preacher and some others, followed ultimately by certain deacons and elders, and that pool hall took on quite a different social atmosphere; so easy does it appear to corrupt good customs. Anyway, in spite of the scandal this procedure caused in certain choice circles of that little town, for once in a blue moon those very proper Christian gentlemen relaxed and, like boys, became lively human beings. Several years later my own boy told me he had not been in a pool hall since. I would not blame him if he had, for

pool and billiards are not only scientific games, but also good exercise, good relaxation and good discipline for nerve, muscle and will; besides, I would trust that boy to go anywhere he wants to go.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt not go to theaters, for they are wicked places; but verily I say unto you, Go discriminatingly to good plays, legitimate, movies, talkies—I do not recommend grand opera, for you have not grown up to it yet, if you ever do—for the theater has, in all civilized history, played a great part in the instruction, the inspiration and the salvation of the world. The theater, in all its forms, educates boys, so that they soon refuse to sit through dull, banal and inartistic productions. I remember the first play I ever saw, *The Banker's Daughter,* which thrilled me profoundly, but it soon faded before the second play, *The Celebrated Case,* because red-coated soldiers had the most to do in this second production. I saw plays in the next year or two, but would constantly say to myself and others, "It does not come up to *The Celebrated Case.*" At thirteen, when in high school, I got a job ushering at matinées in the one theater of our little city, with no pay but with an opportunity to witness every show that came to town.

A year or two later, with half a dozen other boys from the high school and our Sunday-school class, I made my début upon the stage as a supernumerary. Booth and

Barrett came for a week's engagement to open the new "Warder Grand Opera House." The contractors failed to get the theater ready in time, but even in the unfinished state of the house the plays had to go on. Only part of the roof was in place, and one night when it rained, people sat in their seats with umbrellas over their heads, but the night *The Merchant of Venice* was produced, the moon shone clearly as Jessica and Lorenzo played their love scene in the garden with no other light but real moonlight streaming down upon the stage. I came into close personal contact with Messrs. Booth and Barrett and heard them speak many words though none directly addressed to me. The schooling we got in that one week of Shakespeare, as I look back on it, seems more valuable to me than any course later on in Elizabethan literature in any university. A deacon of our church, lawyer and member of the school board, sitting near the front at the performance of *Julius Cæsar,* saw us boys march in as the Roman army, and nudged his wife, saying, "Is that Burris Jenkins? Is that Will Bryan? Is that John Georgien? Is that Jay Bryan? Is that Earl Wilfley? I wonder if the whole Campbellite Sunday-school is on that stage?"

Earl Wilfley, now pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, of Washington, D. C., ring-led us boys into the school of Booth and Barrett, for he had a great penchant at that time for the stage. Being my

cousin, he had a mind to train me also for a theatrical career, and many happy afternoons we spent in the empty church while he taught me to pronounce Mark Antony's oration with the proper inflection and gesticulation and action. We quarreled with each other as Cassius and Brutus, taking turns in the parts. He drilled me in Hamlet's soliloquy, and in that of the melancholy Jaques, "All the world's a stage." I have had a few other courses in elocution and public speaking, but none so valuable as those afternoons with my stage-struck cousin. I am not conscious at this moment of any effort then made at the memorization of large sections and whole pages of Shakespeare's plays. Somehow he just led me with ease and pleasure into familiarity with the greatest of all dramatists. We used other dramatic material, such as Poe's *Raven* and Paul's addresses at Mars Hill and before Agrippa, which have come handy to me in after-life as they have to him; but Shakespeare was our stock in trade for we both meant to be tragedians. Afterward, he had his brief career upon the stage, but gave it up for the ministry.

All through life I have loved the theater, and have not risen superior to the motion-pictures. Almost any motion-picture gets me. With humility and contrition I confess it, and only Vachel Lindsay, the poet, keeps me in countenance and preserves my self-respect as I make this confession, for he, too, loves the movies and has

written a beautiful book about them. I could tell stories about personal friendships with theatrical people and the pleasure and instruction derived from them which would unduly lengthen this chapter. I am told that in the balcony of our church so far from the pulpit that I can not see their faces, theatrical folk come frequently and occupy always the same section. I hope this is true, and would be proud to believe that it is true. We frequently invite visiting players to the mid-week dinners at our church, and always get more from them than we give. Of course there are bad people on the stage, and there are a few bad people in the church.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt not hit another fellow on the cheek; but I say unto you, Learn to box; do not let any fellow hit you on one cheek, then you will not have to turn to him the other cheek. Boxing is a manly art, much less dangerous than football or even baseball. I know it, because a baseball injury lamed me for life, and only the other day a professional player that I know, with the same injury, lost his leg and his life. Boxing will train you in self-control, self-respect, cool judgment and courage. You will not have so many quarrels in life if you are a trained boxer; at any rate, your quarrels will be brief. It was Shakespeare, was it not, who said that we should beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, should so handle our dukes that our opponents should beware of us? My own edu-

cation in this regard, somewhat neglected, has left me many a time with a sense of inability adequately to meet a situation in which I found myself. So far as my boys are concerned, this defect has to a degree been remedied.

The only political position that I have ever occupied, and of which I was very proud, an appointive position without emolument, was boxing commissioner of my native state. The Governor, of the opposite political faith from myself, appointed me, and his successor told me soon after inauguration that I must continue in office, at which I was gratified, but in less than a year, like so many politicians, he changed his mind and appointed my successor. In the next campaign, I purpose to take the stump with a view to the election of some man of my own political faith in order that I may claim at his hand reinstatement in this proud position. I never served, but left all the meetings to my associate at that time, the Reverend Earl A. Blackman, known as "the boxing parson"; nevertheless, I am jealous for recognition in this field.

Since pugnacity, the irrepressible desire to fight somebody at some time, springs eternal as a primal instinct in all male animals, including humanity, you can work it off with soft gloves, which, possibly, may supplant soft-nosed bullets and trinitrotoluol. William James made his famous demand for a moral substitute for war. I nominate boxing for the vice-presidency of a world of peace, and in the same cabinet, international baseball,

Olympic games, golf, tennis and all other forms of athletic contests.

Ye have heard, Thou shalt not dance; but I say unto you, You can not help it. You have danced, you do dance, you will dance. Every Sunday morning I see children dancing up the sidewalk on the way to Sunday-school and church, for dancing is instinctive and can not be repressed. You can not sing a lively billy-sunday-brighten-the-corner-where-you-are type of jig-time evangelistic tune without seeing the dear ladies of both sexes who reprobate dancing patting their feet and keeping time with their fingers or their hands. That is dancing. I see men dance on the golf links after they have made a long shot without slicing or pulling or rolling into a sand trap; I see them jump excitedly, take two or three steps round in a circle, slap their thighs and emit aboriginal noises of triumph through throat or nose; that is dancing as practised by our forefathers in primeval jungles. Therefore, I tell you, go ahead and learn to dance with decency and beautiful postures and movements. I recognize the indecencies of some dancing and the excesses to which such dancing may lead; we have much yet to learn of restraint, refinement, civilization. Proper training in esthetic and beautiful dancing cultivates boys for society, teaches them to move easily and without over-consciousness of hands and feet, and may prove the best possible path of safety for many young people. Havelock Ellis, to whom

the world has at last come to listen with respect, and other psychological authorities have taught us that the dance of life, properly learned and conducted, so far from exciting dangerous manifestations, may be a means of expressing, sublimating and getting rid of the evil effects of instinctive excess.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Hush, hush, Do not talk about your intimate concerns, your dawning sex life, the strange urges which come welling up in your adolescence, the greatest difficulties you have to confront in your middle teens; but I say to you, Talk! Talk! Talk! Not to the family hired man or chauffeur or wayside tramp stranger. No use telling you not to talk to one another, for you will no matter what anybody tells you, but insist on talking to your father. If he is ashamed and embarrassed, through ancient prejudice, as nine times out of ten he will be, make him talk; take him by the lapel of the coat and say, "Here, Dad. I want to know all about this. Now tell me." If then he will not talk, try your mother. Nine times out of ten she, too, will be tongue-tied and dumb, for once in her life, or will not talk honestly and fairly. Then try some man teacher or Boy Scout master or Y director; and if they do not know how to talk honestly, coolly and scientifically, try the family physician. Sometimes he will not know how, or like one of the most famous of them in America who confesses that he is embarrassed when young people come to

him for information, he may muff his opportunity; then hunt out a minister or a priest—by chance he may be trained or by experience may know how to talk as if he were discussing books, or papers, or pictures, or any other artistic or scientific matter. Probably, however, he, too, will not know how; but among all these, surely you may find one—if nobody else, the juvenile judge in your town—who will understand and sympathetically guide and enlighten you. Whatever you do, do not bottle up all this inquiry; do not be ashamed of natural curiosity and natural instinct; do not consider yourself wicked, no matter what you may have suddenly found yourself doing; but discuss it with somebody. "Hush, hush, naughty, naughty"—that wickedest of all old admonitions causes more disease, nervous breakdowns, disaster and tragedy than anything in our social life.

Ye have heard, Thou shalt not own a dog; but I say unto you, Get one just as quickly as you can. No boy is complete without a dog, and no dog without a boy. If you can not keep him in your apartment-house, keep him on the roof, or farm him out in the country and visit him at week-ends to feed and to play with. Generous instincts grow and expand in the heart of a boy with a dog or a horse, and since horses have now become obsolete, there is nothing left for the boy but the dog. What lessons a brave hunting dog teaches a boy! Every one of mine early made companions of intelligent and loyal-

hearted dogs. Any parent who, to save a little trouble for himself and for the household, thwarts the desire of a boy for canine companionship stands in his own light, breeds future trouble for himself, fails of an opportunity for the happiest type of moral discipline, self-discipline. One of the classic bits of literature of this middle western country would serve well as a declamation for any high-school lad, Senator Vest's little two-minute speech on the faithful dog, in a trial for damages at Warrensburg, Missouri. Every day, almost, you can read in the current news of some dog which has given up his life for his master. Last winter a hunter in Oklahoma became entangled in a wire net fence, could not free himself, froze to death, and his loyal hunting dog, refusing to leave him, crawled under his arm and froze beside him.

Ye have heard, Thou shalt not go into the fields and woods to camp and sleep overnight; but I say unto you, Go ahead whenever you want to, best thing you ever did. Whether you go with other boys, or your Scout master, or alone, the experience will do you no end of good. Our youngest boy, so much younger than his brothers, rather a lonely little chap, got into the habit, at about ten years of age, of going alone with his dog fifteen or twenty miles out of the city, to spend his week-ends in camp. I would take him out in the motor-car on Friday afternoon, with his blankets and his sack of provisions, and leave him, to return and pick him up late on Sunday afternoon. One

such night I left him in a flat woodland in the bend of a small river, saw him set up his pup-tent and start his fire. At eleven o'clock that night, as my wife and I came home from an evening out, the moon shone down clear upon us and she remarked, "Well, the boy has a beautiful night."

At three o'clock in the morning, I awoke and started bolt upright in bed at a crash of thunder and the roar of rain. I heard an uneasy stirring in the other bed and found the mother had already been awake for some time. We tried in vain to get back to sleep, assuring each other that the little fellow was all right; but the low level of that land kept etching itself in my mind, and the possibility of a rising river, and the speculation whether he would attempt to wade across it. At last I said to her, "Don't you think I'd better go out and see about the boy?" Then came a relieved voice out of the darkness, "Oh, I wish you would!" I got up, put on hip boots, rubber coat and sou'wester, drove that fifteen miles out into the country, waded that stream, found the tent and the blankets rolled up under an overhanging tree-trunk, shouted and whistled and visited a straw-stack in the neighboring field on the flat, but found no boy or dog. Perplexed but not too uneasy, I waited and whistled again, when at last I remembered a barn about a mile away through the timber on the high ground beyond the river from his camp, in which the boy had played before.

I drove round the country road and into the barn lot, opened the door, and whistled again. A sleepy voice came out of the hay-loft, "That you, Dad? What did you come out here for?" He had come through the woods guided by flashes of lightning, had climbed up the rickety ladder in the barn, some of the rungs missing, and had dragged his dog, a big black collie, after him, and both had been sound asleep in the hay. I asked him if he wanted to go home and he replied, "Aw, Dad, this is Saturday." I came home without him and told my wife that so long as I lived I would never go out to look for that boy again, and I never have.

Ye have heard, Thou shalt not run away from home; but I say, Run whenever you want to and as far as you want to, for at least once in boyhood every boy irresistibly desires to run away. Let me suggest, however, that you tell your dad you are going so that he can stock you up with enough money to buy cheese and crackers and sardines for three or four days or a week; then, when you run out of money, go to the police wherever you are and you will find them the best possible friends to stranded boys. It was well understood in our family that if any of them wanted to run away they could go any time they pleased; and as one of them said, "It's no fun running away if you can go whenever you please." Maybe this understanding is what bridge players call a finesse; anyway, it worked in our outfit and

none of them ever ran away. Running away, I am convinced, is the reaction against what the boy considers an injustice done him by domineering parents or an obtuse teacher. When he complains of the injustice, then is the moment to pay attention to him, to sift to the bottom the cause for his unhappiness, to straighten it out and to save his mad dash for liberty. Plenty of rope, that is good for boys, a long, long rope with a firm but gentle and unseen hand at the other end.

Ye have heard, Love your school and love your teachers; but I say unto you that under existing conditions ninety-nine times out of a hundred no boy can. Your school is too big, overcrowded, too much like a jail, too much like a factory where children are poured into a hopper and ground out as much alike as possible, cut to a pattern, standardized beyond endurance. The whole system needs revising; we are just beginning to study methods by which to consider individuality and not to crush personality in the tremendous swarms of young people that stream into the public schools.

One time, at the Indiana state pentitentiary, I spoke by invitation in the chapel of the state's prison to twenty-five hundred men. Being young and inexperienced and very much embarrassed, I stood first on one foot and then on the other and finally blurted, "I'm glad to see so many of you here to-day." A ripple of laughter went over the place, then a loud roar, and I grinned to make

them think I had done it a-purpose. Many a time I have been reminded of that moment when I have heard the average speaker get up before a school audience and say, "I'm glad to see so many bright and smiling faces here to-day." I am sure that the children feel like the convicts; at least, that is the way I always felt in school, and most other boys, if they are honest, would say the same thing. How can you love many of your teachers, who possibly have fossilized at thirty-two, nervous and acrid under the artificial strain to which they have been subjected for ten years or so? We have got a lot to learn about schools and boys before this ancient command can be fulfilled.

I am told that Russia and Mexico have inaugurated the best modern school systems, consciously trying to follow John Dewey, his project method, his idea of searching for personality, individuality, and fostering it instead of crushing it. I had one teacher actuated by such spirit in the ward schools, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, well-known in the 'eighties of the last century as a militant suffragette. Masculine in appearance, she showed feminine intuition as to character. She would go away lecturing for days at a time, would appoint some pupil, extra good in a certain subject, to lead us in that particular class, throw us on our honor; and we never abused her confidence. The year in her room, in my memory, is the brightest period of my school life.

Ye have heard, Make a pal of your dad; but verily I say to you, It can not be done. You can make a good friend of your dad if he will take the trouble to cooperate, but you can not make a pal of anybody who differs in age from yourself so widely as your dad is bound to do. You can not bridge the chasm of the years; so, when I hear fathers say, "My son and I are a pair of pals," I know they make an amiable mistake. You seldom hear a boy express himself in similar strain. When I hear mothers say, "My daughter and I are like two sisters," I know that those mothers mean to tell the truth but do not; you seldom hear daughters making like assertions. Most fathers are undoubtedly the best friends their sons have; they will sacrifice more for their boys than anybody else will; therefore, if ever a boy is in trouble, no matter how bad it is, he should go straight to his father with it and most of the time he will find that father fair and square and ready to help him out. Fathers and sons may and should cultivate the closest friendship; but as for being buddies and pals, it can not be done. Pathetic, I know, but you can not alter facts.

No man can play the part of father without taking time and trouble, without inconvenience to himself, without dropping some things that he would like to be doing and going out of his way to do things he would rather not do. No newspaper weighs in value with five minutes of a son's companionship; no book counts in

importance with half an hour's talk with the boy or half an hour's romp or game. No house, no furniture, no paint and wall-paper costs half so much as the unfair repression and restriction thrown round a growing boy.

We had a man named Ray Eldred on our football team at Kentucky University, which is old Transylvania that James Lane Allen used to write about, when I was president of that institution in the early part of this century. That team made a great record, and Eldred, the hard-muscled, big, red-haired tackle, furnished a great deal of its strength. He married and went to Central Africa as a missionary, had several children, and then, exhausted by a long journey, he undertook to swim the Congo River and drowned. A beautiful old colonial home in Springfield, Illinois, opened its doors and its arms to the two little Eldred boys, since the mother, too, had fallen asleep in the heart of Africa. I visited that home of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Morrison—brother of C. C. Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*—when the boys had reached the ages of about eleven and thirteen. What was my surprise, upon entering that large central hallway and turning to the right with the expectation of going into a drawing-room, to find no carpet on the floor, a work bench in one corner, glass cases all about the walls filled with bugs, butterflies, birds' eggs and stuffed animals, the skull of a horse with all the teeth in it lying on a table in the middle of the room, and to hear Mrs.

Morrison, who was a member of the school board of Springfield and a social leader as well, say, "This is the boys' room, their shop and museum." Those boys have grown to manhood now, and that whole mansion would not sell for a fraction of the amount of value to society which either one of those boys represents.

Just as I write this my wife is having carpenters in to restore the panels in the boys' old room, the bathroom, and her own room. At a certain period in each boy's life an irresistible tendency came over him to demonstrate his strength by dashing a fist through a panel of one of those long-suffering doors. Each one in turn succeeded in smashing his panel to signalize the moment when he passed from callow adolescence into fully ripened manhood. They chose the particular door that happened to be nearest, but did not confine their attentions to any one. At the time, no doubt, we mildly reasoned with these young hurricanes, but found reasoning all in vain, and really the repairs will cost but a few dollars, while an altercation with the boys might have cost some irreparable damage to the boys themselves. Therefore, we preferred to let the house suffer and to let the boys express themselves.

Speaking of cost, sometimes a father has to put himself about, as the English say, to demonstrate the worth of a dollar to a boy. Our oldest, when in high school, made much ado about the first dance to which he took a

girl. He must have a cab; he could not think of driving our own little car; far beneath the dignity of this great occasion. I reasoned about the expense, but might just as well have breathed against the west wind; finally I suggested that I drive the car, while he and his young lady should sit in state upon the back seat; it would be dark, and he need speak no word to me except directions, that the incognito might be observed. The plan agreed upon, we drove solemnly to the young lady's house, and I waited while the young cavalier went to her door after her, escorted her out, handed her into the car and we drove to the hall. Then, about ten-thirty, when the dance ended, car and chauffeur stood at the curb waiting for the dignified young pair. No words were spoken between passengers and driver, and whether the young lady ever comprehended the situation or not is unknown to history. A little comprehension of the value of a dollar may have been conveyed by this painstaking lesson, but, I have reason to believe, only a little.

One more commandment, an eleventh, I here insert for good measure: *Ye have heard that it hath been said, Don't, Don't, Don't! But I say, Do, Do, Do!* Live life positively. Experiment. Try. A certain American by the name of John Dewey, already mentioned, of whom only a few boys in this country perhaps have ever heard, but whose name is a household word in the Far East, known to almost everybody in China and Russia and Mexico,

has a great idea, that each one of us should try life in all ways and from all angles for himself, should experiment as to what is good for him and what is not. It matters little that danger faces us as we boldly use this trial-and-error method of life; danger will face us anyhow; danger adds to the spice, the tang, the value of life; danger recommends life to a boy; so, a command to positive living, daring, exploring, might well rank as the last and greatest of commandments, for by this path shall the boy become a man.

Should anybody chance to inquire what the life of boys has to do with religion, let me then ask what on earth matters half so much to religion? The most religious thing any parent can do is to enter with all his enthusiasm and all his ingenuity into the life of his boy. Jesus compared all human relations at their best to the ideal relations of a family. Perhaps I am illogical in considering the children before the married pair, but I would rather be intuitional than logical, and, anyway, the children are of most importance, after all. If we are to make Spartan boys out of our sons, boys who can let the fox gnaw under the tunic and never show pain in the face—as ten to one they will be called upon some day to do—we need to summon all the religious wisdom we have to the job. Of course it takes love and cooperation between the married pair to accomplish the task, and that means the finest flower of religion.

CHAPTER XI

MATRIMONY AS I SEE IT LIVED

No WONDER many people feel the need of a religious ceremonial when they enter matrimony. If the feeling of this need grows less, it augurs ill, at least for the time being, for an institution that calls for all the good sense and religious feeling of those building it, to make it a success. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister—this old triumvirate—constantly grapple with the tangled meshes of marital complications. As old as humanity and as intricate as human nature, as varied as personality and the infinite number of combinations among human beings, this problem constantly confronts social experts. Different nations and different ages make attempted solutions of different kinds.

No nation has found a solution, but all experiment and have experimented since long before history began. Russia frankly experiments; America unconsciously experiments; Great Britain, breaking with her established church and its canon law, violates her conscience and experiments; Germany experiments; only France seems to have reached a fairly stable mode of matrimonial liv-

ing satisfactory to herself but apparently satisfactory to nobody else. Taken all in all, my observation and best judgment leads to the generalization that the level of sex ethics stands about the same in one civilized nation as in another. For thousands of years the world has tried and tried again for a final adjustment between men and women to form some sort of satisfactory unit of civilization.

The Bible contains no adequate prescription, from the polygamy of ancient Israel to the ascetic celibacy advocated by Saint Paul and adopted to a degree by the church. Jesus himself touches the subject only gingerly, and with such obscurity that few scholars or even denominations agree with one another in the interpretation of his words. Usage differs among my friends in the ministry, all the way from a refusal to marry divorced persons, through the practice of marrying only the "innocent party" in a divorce based upon the "scriptural cause of divorce," adultery—as if any one is omniscient enough to determine who is sinned against and who is the sinner—to the readiness to marry anybody to whom the civic authorities grant a license. The last is my own position. I do not "go back of the returns." I defy anybody to take the words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount and adequately interpret them. Marriage primarily concerns society and the state, and the state decrees, wisely or unwisely, who shall marry and who shall

not. The minister, therefore, in my opinion, must follow the guidance of the state.

In America, attitudes and ideas on marriage have markedly changed within a generation, as home and family life have changed. No use kicking against the goad, no use closing our eyes, no use denying the existence of these half-blind but brave attempts to work out more just and stable ground upon which partners in the matrimonial venture can take their stand. The doctors, the lawyers and the ministers, first of all, would acknowledge that they are groping in the maze of newly discovered by-paths in human psychology; but perhaps all three agree on this one unchangeable proposition, that whatever the vagaries and aberrations of humankind in individual instances or different countries, the universal and all but irresistible tendency of human beings is toward the mating of one man and one woman to form the unit of society, the family. What personal experience I have had, and what observations in this and other countries, leads to the belief that outside of a few avowedly polygamous nations this social usage almost universally prevails, and the amount of departure from it differs little anywhere on the earth. Even in polygamous lands, only the few, the opulent, can adopt plurality, and polyandrous regions, like Mongolia, hold too sparse a population to figure in the generalization. No matter, then, what the experimentation going forward in such coun-

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

tries as America, Great Britain, Russia, one need not fear for the future of monogamy.

A large interdenominational religious organization recently looked for a woman to take a responsible position, and consulted my wife about a choice. The office, located in New York, required that the official should travel over the country and address audiences of women. My wife suggested a name and met with the objection, "But she is a divorced woman!" "Well, what of it?" inquired that once puritanical woman, who for thirty-odd years has walked—and run—alongside me. "Is it her fault she is divorced? No children are involved. And suppose there were?" Some head-shaking took place, but finally the society chose the woman. Thirty years ago she never would have got that position, and my wife never would have suggested her and never would have said what she did. This incident proves the distance that America has come in a generation, and the distance that a conservatively educated Christian woman has moved from her old moorings.

Thirty years ago I knew a minister, blameless in life, polished and refined in manner, trained to the highest degree, whose wife, ambitious for an artistic career of her own and impatient of parish duties, left him for the stage. She finished him completely, for no church would at that time accept a divorced minister, no matter what the cause of the separation. Feebly he struggled for a

while, trying to teach here and there in colleges; but constantly unseated, he finally dropped out of sight and I do not know where he is to-day or what he is doing. I know another man who, in similar position through no fault of his own, turned to the study of medicine, happily married, and successfully practises his new profession in a large city. On the spur of the moment, I can think of only one church which thirty years ago kept a minister whose wife, wildly erratic, deserted him; but only after the passage of a whole generation, when his wife had died in an asylum, did he dare to marry again in advanced years and live the normal life. It took a generation for even that charitable church to grow into a more tolerant view of divorce, if it did then. Not over five years ago I heard a really progressive churchman stand before a great audience and cry out, "Divorce is a disgraceful thing. Any divorced person is in disgrace!" Even he would not to-day repeat that declaration. So far have we come.

A tearful woman came to me to inquire what she could do in her domestic infelicity. She could scarcely choke out an explanation of conditions, but at last she managed to give me the story:

"My neighbors tell me that I must get a divorce. I am fifty-five and my husband fifty-seven. We have three children, eleven, fifteen and nineteen years of age. He has formed a relation with his stenographer in his law

office. He does not deny it, he does not acknowledge it; but he tells me to do just as I please, and he will make no change in his own life. Yes, he is always kind; yes, he provides well for all of us." Suspecting as I did that neighborhood pressure added poignancy to this complication, I finally asked the woman, "Could you possibly, for the sake of your children, endure this situation, turn your eyes away and suffer humiliation in silence?" Her face cleared instantly and she answered breathlessly, "Yes, I could. I could suffer anything for the sake of my children." Then, to give her some shred of comfort and some remnant of pride with which to bear her cross, I assured her that that man of fifty-seven would not long continue such conduct as his; that, like so many men of advancing and advanced years, he was simply foolishly clutching at his past youth and trying to get back again some of its romance, now threadbare in his prosaic world; that, unconscious what he was doing, his course could only end in futility; that in the last analysis he truly loved only the wife of his youth and his children; and that if he only knew his own heart, he would confess as much right now, for his actions toward wife and children spoke louder than his foolish words of indifference. The woman dried her tears, went away, got no divorce, and I have never seen her to know her since.

I heard from her, however, in a roundabout way, for

she evidently told her solicitous neighbors about the advice I had given her, and they told others, and it went pretty well over the city that I had advised a woman to shut her eyes and tolerate her husband's wandering. At luncheon one day with my attorney and close friend, an ex-judge of the supreme court of the state, I narrated the case to him and asked him what advice in the same circumstances he would have given. Emphatically he replied, "Exactly what you did." Then I told him what the tongue of gossip was saying, and he smilingly replied, "Yes, I've heard it." I leave the question with you, gentle reader, as Samuel McChord Crothers would say, and ask you to weigh it, in all its bearings, and not give a cock-sure opinion.

Remember, this man and wife probably stood within five or ten years of the edge of their graves; these children stood at the threshold of their lives. Who should be considered in such a case? In my opinion, the children, for they have a right to and a need of a father as well as a mother, a father perhaps more than a mother as they advance toward adolescence and young manhood and womanhood, and a father who confessedly is no drunkard, no gambler, no wife-beater or child-beater, but kind, whatever his personal defects, and liberal and indulgent. Decide against those children, if you are willing to take the responsibility; I could not. Compare the lot of this poor wife who thinks herself unloved with the condition

of scores of other wives I have known, beaten by their husbands, their children only half grown, or neglected and left alone by their husbands, browbeaten and lashed with cruel tongues worse than blacksnake whips by their husbands; and tell me if, after all, she may not thank God for the few mercies, among them the abiding love of three children, which she has left. Then suppose she divorced him, what is left to her in life aside from the love of these three children? No chance of her husband's return to her, which I take to be inevitable, uncertainty and insecurity of adequate support, and nothing else but five or ten or even fifteen years of loneliness and bitter sorrow.

Where children do not enter into the situation, the question of divorce becomes a different thing. Parents who seek their own happiness, forgetful of that of a child, take a step that may be of terrible social consequence. A couple in my church, many, many years ago, obviously making a losing fight at adjustment, had a boy of fourteen. The mother, evidently under fierce nervous strain, acted as if she had the hives; she could not keep her hands off the tingling nerve ends on shoulders, elbows, knees; the husband, depressed, with clouded brow, had the face of a mourner. The quarrels and the sleepless nights so wrought upon the mind of that sensitive boy that he drowned himself, and I conducted his funeral. Possibly in that case, divorce might have

saved him, though it is doubtful. In another instance, the divorce took place, the boy became, after a period of petty crimes, a highwayman, then a murderer, and was hanged. Still another son of divorce in one of my congregations followed the same course and serves a life term in prison. Still another drinks hard, gambles hard, cashes checks that are no good, stands in danger of the penitentiary, has a plus four Wassermann, and the end has not yet come.

Another boy I know suffers so terribly from the friction between his parents that often he goes crying to school and declares that he does not see how he can get through the day. That boy is in imminent danger. Another couple, in a church of mine, got a divorce and put their boy in a boarding school, but brought him home by turns for week-ends. When they took him back on Monday morning, he could scarcely force himself into the school, could not make himself say good-by, but hid in the bushes in the schoolyard to cry for an hour; but if he had known that father and mother were going back together to a united home, his heart, no doubt, would bravely have borne up to his task. This couple, I am informed, are thinking of coming together again and remarrying. One could go on endlessly citing cases out of one's own experience to show that the children get the worst of it in all family complications and separations. Possibly, if parents could only comprehend this fact

they would make a more desperate effort at adjustment, and would certainly hide the voice of their quarrels from their children's ears.

This question of marriage and divorce, preeminently a social and scientific one, lends itself to some degree of classification, but only limited. The bewildering chaos of legislation, put upon the statute books by inexpert representatives, not scientists, not students, only testifies to the wilderness in which popular thought upon the subject seems hopelessly lost. Perhaps a few generalizations, after long years of grappling with individual instances, may be advanced.

First of all, I am very sure that open discussion, courses of instruction, plain frank speaking, a purely biological attitude toward the basic elements in marriage, would help beyond comprehension, if offered to young people long before their mating. Happily, for the most part, an increasing tendency in this direction appears in schools, colleges and homes. The older generation of inexpert people still preserves its false modesty and mealy-mouthed hypocrisy, upon the science of biology as it affects sociology. The prevailing atmosphere among church people, who are mostly people beyond middle years, men just as much as women, still reflects the shuddering silence of the nineteenth century, but among the young the reverse is true and, I think, wholesomely true.

For example, I got hold of a pamphlet upon the biological basis of marriage, and tried it out on my quite progressive wife. She hid it under her apron, at our summer cottage, from our twenty-year-old son, and read it in corners at odd moments. It told her some things she had never heard of before, and jolted her considerably. Later I gave it to the boy; he glanced through it rapidly but got it all, then handed it back to me saying, "Very good, Dad, but nothing particularly new in it." Just the difference between my generation and his. Theoretically, he and all his kind keep abreast of the day, and I, for one, think they are far safer than in the old days of taboo, false shame and hush-hush. Forewarned is forearmed; knowledge is power; there is mystery enough about biology; it is dangerous to deepen it; let in light, promote health, sanity, safety.

Ignorance of biology—which, however much we may dislike to consider ourselves basically animals, forms the foundation of marriage—leads to more divorces, I believe it is safe to say, than all the other causes combined. Two branches of this ignorance bear poison fruit: one is the prudery and the false modesty of women, and the other the bunglesome and stupid mismanagement by men. The mothers of the old generation thought to protect their daughters from the knowledge which alone formed their best insurance against unhappiness and disaster. Those mothers, strenuously keeping

their daughters in ignorance and "innocence," promoted the very danger which they sought to avert. Those daughters came up to the marriage hour ignorant, without forewarning, to meet the shock of their lives. Scarcely a married woman, who comes perhaps years afterward seeking help from her lawyer, her doctor or her minister, but draws a pitiful picture, if she is honest, of the opening days of her greatest adventure.

Most young men approaching marriage, though they think themselves experienced men of the world, not open to instruction by any presumptuous preacher, flounder about in just as deep an abyss of ignorance as the innocent bride. I always seek a private interview with the groom and the bride, one at a time or together, and give them a plain lecture of about an hour, that I and thousands of other men would have given ten thousand dollars for, if we had had it just before our own wedding-day, or indeed any time within the first ten years of married life. To save time now, I give them a pamphlet made up largely of extracts from medical experts in this branch of biology, the same one that I gave to that twenty-year-old son of mine. If I can get hold of the bride or groom a month or six months before marriage, I put it into their hands then, believing that the sooner they get the necessary knowledge, the better.

Your young man of the world, who has been the rounds and thinks he knows life, ten to one has simply

bungled and muddled along in a totally amateurish and utterly foolish fashion in a matter which does not come by nature but which, on the contrary, is profoundly artificial and reaches its growth only by artistry and skill. Knowledge forms the foundation; let knowledge grow from more to more, but more of reverence in us dwell.

Failing knowledge at the beginning, and the poor victims caught in tragic complications, the resort may have to be to the new specialism in medicine, psychiatry, administered by the surgeon of the mind, not always bloodless surgery at that, sometimes painful surgery in the extreme. This new science, or specialty, which I can not emphasize too much, pertaining to diseased psychological conditions, must not be confused with practice upon and for the insane, though it grew out of the study of the insane. Anybody who is in trouble, let us honestly confess it, partakes to a degree of insanity; and since we are all in trouble, now and again, first and last, we are all in so far insane. If we suffer in mind, why be ashamed to go to a doctor of the mind? In the next few years, we must break down our prejudice against psychiatry, which is just as unreasoning as the Negro prejudice against hospitals. Even now many colored people assert that everybody who goes to a hospital dies, and the doctors try to steal the bodies.

Psychiatry must not be confused with psychoanalysis, hypnotism or mesmerism, though these may some-

times enter into the course of treatments, but for the most part this new specialty may better be defined as reeducation, reconstruction, realignment, and reconstitution of the entire life, mental, physical, religious. Most lawyers, doctors and ministers have to employ, in a hesitating and inept sort of fashion, the methods of the expert psychiatrist; what a relief it would be to all of us, if we could transport many of these poor, tortured, matrimonially entangled, floundering and struggling human souls into the hands of a real expert in the science of the mind and the body, the trained-to-the-minute psychiatrist! Many consultants, moreover, fear to go to the expert lest he worm out of them secrets which they are ashamed to tell. Once again, concealment, shame, hush-hush; when to get the thing out into spoken confession would bring infinite relief, part of the cure accomplished by the mere telling. There can be no stamping out of communicable disease, whether of body or of mind, until there is honest and unashamed confession to the practitioner who is set for the cure of the disease.

So far from practising any occult and mysterious art, the psychiatrist, if properly trained, proceeds in a highly practical manner. He may prescribe the breaking up of certain relations, even to the separation of adolescent or adult sons or daughters from their parents or guardians. He may insist upon removal out of the environment in which the patient lives, or a change of work, a new voca-

tion more nearly adapted to the tastes and the capacities of the individual concerned; for to work against inclination often produces nerve tension, nervous prostration, diseases of body and mind, and may even kill. Perfectly normal people, then, or as nearly normal as anybody may become, may, if suffering from strain, fear, maladjustment, need the services of a dispassionate scientific man to relieve them from difficulties which alone they can not even discover.

In America, at the present time, economic pressure forms one of the greatest dangers to marriage. Multiplied wants, induced by multiplied inventions and conveniences, by the high standards of living, the highest in the world, pursue married couples, ride and harry them into living, largely on the instalment plan, far beyond their means. The more ambitious for social display, the more difficult for them to live within their income; while the simpler their scale of living, and the smaller their means, the more likely they are to be successful. This explains the wisdom of my father's words, "It is easier to live on a small income than it is on a big one, and the more your income increases, the more difficult to live within it." I know a certain millionaire who, at the time he and his wife married some forty years ago, had just sixty cents when the wedding festivities were over and the honeymoon began. Somehow they made a go of it, jogged along together happily, much more hap-

pily, I have reason to know, than they are jogging now. During all their earlier life they had much more money to give away than they now have. For years they tithed their income for benevolent causes; they no longer tithe.

Increased economic pressure keeps many young people from marrying at all until they have reached a stage of maturity and fixity of habits that increases to impossibility the difficulty of adjustment to each other. The attitude so frequently put into words by young men who say, "I will never marry her until I am able to give her something like what she has been accustomed to," seems to me utterly wrong. I tell them that unless a girl is willing to share a boy's hard days of beginnings, she is not worthy to share his rich years of plenty. I see many kitchenettes, more or less disorderly, in which a young mother tries with one hand to take care of a baby which does not get half enough fresh air, and with the other hand to keep the apartment clean and straight. So long as the baby does not come, the slender income may serve the kitchenette fairly well; but the baby has a way of making his entrance upon the stage in such fashion as rather to disarrange the set-up.

This remark introduces a topic which, under the marvelously intelligent legislation of this freest of all free lands, can not adequately be discussed from any platform or in any book without danger of the skeleton hand of the late lamented and saintly Anthony Comstock!

This subject, however, thrusts itself into doctors' offices and ministers' consulting-rooms with such insistency that these gentlemen, law-abiding by nature and education, sometimes find themselves forced to choose between saving a life or a marriage by a violation of a United States statute or else sitting back supine and watching that life sink beneath the waves or that marriage go to pieces upon the rocks. Is there much doubt which of the two courses a lover of his fellow man will be bound to choose?

A boy and a girl, twenty-three and twenty-one respectively, both employed, come to me to ask advice about getting married and continuing employment or delaying the matrimonial venture. This case is typical of hundreds, in this day of the emancipation of women and in this industrial age and country. Almost invariably I advise them to go ahead, if they have known each other long enough, love each other strongly enough, even if both desire to postpone parentage for a few years, not too long, until they can get on their feet. The natural pride of a young man, which would lead him to desire to relieve his wife of the necessity of employment, sometimes stands in the way, but this pride, under our existing conditions, grows from year to year considerably less. An increasing number of married pairs separate in the morning to go their ways to different shops, offices, stores or factories, to come together again when the day's work

is done. One can balance off the advantages and disadvantages of this double employment very easily.

I knew one such marriage, made in war-time rather hastily, which, in two or three years after the war, reached a state of great strain because the girl wife got more money from her employment than the boy husband got from his; furthermore, she grew and developed both mentally and physically until she outstripped him completely in personal charm and general efficiency. I counseled delay about divorce until I could see plainly that the situation was destroying the happiness, health and usefulness of both, and reluctantly advised divorce. She now happily occupies a position of great responsibility, radiant with health and spirits, while he has put on flesh and good looks and makes much more money than he ever did. You can see I have no measuring rule by which to gage all cases. I believe nobody has.

Though economic embarrassment eats into the well-being and the peace of mind of so many people, and has ever done so in all history, yet I am satisfied that good hard sense, mutual respect and affection, a determination to make a go of it under handicap, and perhaps above all a little saving salt of religion in both, will enable any wedded pair somehow to get along on a very narrow margin. I watch with great interest a certain young mechanic in my church, whom I have seen out of work several times, turning his hand from his trade to odd jobs of any

kind, appear every Sunday to keep door in the Sunday-school, while his wife, a fine handsome girl, with three children, busies herself in the kindergarten department. Both carry wholesome, happy expressions on their faces. They have never complained to me about financial straits, but I remember several years ago that she left her purse lying about, and somebody stole from it a five-dollar bill. She came running to me with as tragic a look on her face as most people would have shown at the loss of five hundred or a thousand dollars. We restored her five-dollar bill from an emergency fund, and the incident threw floods of light upon the ragged edge of want along which this happy family treads its precarious way. My experience and observation through many years would justify the assertion that when two people have good sense, just ordinary good sense, and both cultivate their religious life to an appreciable degree, they do not seek the divorce courts. Church people do get divorces, but I make a distinction between really religious people and just church people.

One thing, however, I find nearly always essential, and that is that the pair should live separate from relatives. Sometimes happy exceptions appear, but generally speaking disaster follows on doubling-up. The old Hindu proverb, "Where there are two women in a house, there is a fire burning in it," holds as good in America as in India, no matter how good the two women may be.

Sometimes the same statement applies to two men, though not so often, for men's interests are mainly outside the house. Sometimes it fits a man and a mother-in-law; for the old joke holds a lot of tragedy submerged. Taken all in all, the merging of two families is dangerous; four grown birds or even three are too many for one nest. Far safer to build a nest for two, even though it be a very little and modest nest.

One other life-preserver, or safety valve, for matrimony may be furnished at small cost—play. To keep on playing, though maturity marches apace, to preserve the play attitude, mental-play, physical-play, love-play, work-play and all kinds of play together, harping on old well-worn jokes, little secrets for two, overcoming fatigue by play, taking the indigo consciously out of life, taking life pretty much as a huge joke and the joke on us—all this may cheat the divorce lawyer out of a fee.

We talk so glibly about making marriage a fifty-fifty proposition. Fifty is not enough. To make a success of marriage one must go sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety per cent., the whole road. One must be ready to go the second mile. Jesus must have been talking about marriage when he made the remark about the second mile. A charming young girl said to me, "When I married him, I intended to give grudgingly my share to this union. I formed a resolution to get just as much out of it as I possibly could. I resolved to get more than give, but

that boy broke up my resolution, because he was so willing to give, more and more and more. Now he has bred in me the desire to give instead of get." No wonder my wife, who had watched these young people closely, gesticulated toward them one day and said to me in a low voice, "There goes the best husband I ever saw." I took no offense at the implied comparison, because I knew she spoke absolute truth. Robert Browning, the best husband of history, never outdid that boy. The result is a beautiful and happy union that bids fair to last for life. The strain in this union—for there is strain in every union—has sprung largely from emotional adjustment. Neither the biological nor the economic element, though figuring as always to some degree, has proved to be the chief danger. Both temperaments, sensitive, high strung, what is vulgarly and rather tiresomely called "artistic," have found some difficulty in melting together into one, but the fusion has gone on and seems to be approximating perfection.

The distinction, we must be reminded, between the emotional and the biological, or between the psychological and physiological, or between the spiritual and the material, is only artificial, purely for convenience of discussion; no real line can be drawn, and human life can not be divided into compartments. What we call the lower gradually shades into the higher, but all belong together in one. Therefore, we can not escape the con-

clusion that all those elements in human life which we call higher may be classed as ingredients of religion, and we may safely repeat the assertion that, in most instances, the more religion in married life, the more likely the happy outcome. In meeting the problems, difficulties and ills of life, religion helps. One who leans on his own strength alone misses a support that he can have for the mere request. Life is lonely enough at best, and full of troubles enough. Why add to its loneliness by the refusal of the best companionship, that of the White Comrade?

CHAPTER XII

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER AND HOW

"A RELIGION may be tested by the way in which it meets the problem of evil; and the value of a man's religion may be gaged by the way in which he meets evil"—that remark frequently falls from the lips or the pens of thinkers. I believe it will hold good. In a world divided under the reign of many gods, or even divided between two, one can easily enough account for the existence of pain, and in a machine world, blind and chaotic, grinding on its relentless way, we might naturally expect a vast amount of friction and misfortune, but in a world in which, although it may under law revolve as relentlessly as a machine, there appears a guiding hand and a guiding mind of beneficence and kindliness, we naturally wonder why all accident and misfortune have not been eliminated.

Easy enough to say that there are some things which even a good God could not do, such as to make two mountains without a valley between them, but one feels instinctively the inadequacy and even sophistry of such a remark. Intellectually the problem remains insoluble,

OF THEOLOGY

and has been so since the time of Job. Inklings of solution have trickled down the centuries, but the pragmatic test as to how the devotee of any given religion meets the woes of life must probably remain the final test as to the validity of his faith. The "Kismet" of the Mohammedan, the fatalism with which he faces all ills, commands some admiration, even as the stoicism of the ancient Greek or Roman or the modern counterpart of these, the defiant heroism of present-day mechanistic pessimism, but can we find no indication anywhere of a better way?

A great deal of sentimentality has poured forth from the lips of popular teachers, poets and uplift writers about the purifying power of pain, its value in mellowing and refining human nature. But suffering alone has no such effect; left to itself it breeds rebellion, defiance, bitterness. Suffering can not be listed as one of the disguised blessings of mankind. The fashion, however, in which suffering is faced, endured, conquered, may be a refining process, a discipline of almost unlimited value. Not the blizzard that the traveler meets, enriches his blood, toughens his muscle, increases his courage, but the effort he puts forth to breast the blizzard sends the blood coursing through his veins and increases the resisting power of muscle and of will.

I take it that the groans of the world proceed from two kinds of causes, and the mere statement of these two in-

dicates the necessity, the inevitability of human distress. These two are: first, the operation of natural laws, without which the world could not be held together and spin along on its course; and second, social contacts, the friction of life with life, the milling of the herd, without which, of course, human life on the planet could not long be maintained.

Physical pain, the common heritage of all mankind, springs from the inexorable pressure of laws of which, for the most part, we remain ignorant, but which we can discern as beneficent. Physical pain, by no means the worst suffering in the world, probably can be reduced by the spirit with which it is met and overcome.

Most people would agree that in human life more good days come than bad, more hours of comfort than of pain, more pleasures than miseries. Of course one must allow for exceptionally tragic lives, and fix one's attention on the average.

Furthermore, in pondering the problem of evil, one should not overlook the problem of good. Too easily we center attention on the dark phases of life, too distracted to consider the brighter ones. How shall we explain all the good things of life, the pleasure in all normal physical processes, the higher pleasure of artistic and emotional response to the loveliness of nature, the sounds of birds and waves, the fragrance of the world's breath, music and all the other works of man's hand and heart

and brain? The question of the origin of evil has its counterpart in the question of the origin of good.

There was the young chap in my town who finally got his release the other day in his early twenties. Nearly all his life he had lain upon a specially constructed couch, bent at an angle to fit his twisted frame, half lying and half sitting on his back day and night. Unable to use legs or fingers, and with but a limited motion of his forearms, he had supervised the construction of his telephone connection so that he could talk constantly to the outside world, his radio so that he could adjust it for any station, his pens and paper so that he could write and carry on a business, the formation of magazine clubs and the securing of subscribers. As I sat by his side, his face wan, pale, seamed with pain, he uttered no word of complaint or self-pity, dropped not a tear, talked cheerfully of his business and his pleasures. It takes a real philosophy, yes, a real religion, to sustain even for a little over a score of years a life like that; and I, for one, can not think of that life going out into the dark; it is too great, heroic, indestructible.

There is a beautiful little girl who comes occasionally to my church in her wheel-chair, who listens always on the radio, and with whom I carry on a happy correspondence. Her mother took her in her wheel-chair to the ward school until she completed it; but the steps of the high school were too many and too steep, so

she took her course at home under the guidance of her teachers; not long ago she was graduated with her class. She could not march upon the platform, but sat in a box in the big hall, and when her name was called for her diploma the great crowd cheered longer than for anybody else. Recently she wrote me that she had made a motor trip to Denver, across the plains in the dead of winter, loved the snow-storms, thrilled at the shop windows of the cities and especially at the bookstores, and that she intended to fly home by airplane. She closed her letter, "Airmindedly yours." Later she wrote me the story of her flight. A little, beautiful, crippled Ariel! There is a fine heroism here and a religion of value.

I knew Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago, before and after his hip disease which kept him a year in the hospital. He told me that it was the most profitable year of his life in the enlargement and enrichment of his inner nature. Not the pain did him that service, but the spirit, the will, the religion with which he met that pain. The suffering alone might well have embittered his heart, made him rebellious, but his religion held him up, made him grow. I saw him afterward as he hitched his huge bulk awkwardly and painfully up the steps of the platform where he was to speak, and when he spoke, the same old fire burned, even a brighter fire than before.

I remember how a Scotch physician shocked me years ago as he stood in front of my deck chair on a Mediterranean Cunarder, my crutches beside me, and my knee

"untouchable," and listened to my story. With a lugubrious countenance he commented, "I wonder that you could ever smile again!" It shocked me because I often felt like smiling even on that painful voyage. My religion, or something, has often made me feel like smiling in untoward circumstance, whether I have been able to screw my features into a wry grin or not. The worst suffering in this world, I know from experience, is not physical suffering.

Nature plays havoc with us now and again in other ways, as by drouth, famine, fire and storm. Man associates himself with his fellows to guard against the effects of such catastrophes, to insure himself, by cooperation, better transportation and all other possible means, against results which, in more primitive times, he could not forfend; nevertheless, he can not guard against all ravages due to the operation of natural law. In my boyhood, when the prairie country of the West had begun to take on cultivation, dry years followed one another, now and again, their destruction increased by grasshopper plagues and locust plagues to such a degree that the plains became a desert. In those times our fences carried top boards horizontal, on which grasshoppers rested and tangled up so that one could scrape them off by the thousands with a stick. In memory, they seem to have been an inch thick in the fields and pastures. One year the locusts swarmed over the country in similar manner. Then came the covered wagons eastward,

bearing along the dusty roads the wan-faced men and women and half-starved children who, a few years before, had gone out so hopefully into the West. I can see now the drawn and haggard countenances peering out from front and rear of those once brave covered wagons. Despair sat where confidence and faith had rested such a short time ago. Somehow "back home" these people survived, took up and continued their lives. Nature whipped them one place, but in reduced circumstances human nature in another place bore up, endured, triumphed. A good man in St. Louis, touched with pity for these beaten people, left his fortune in trust for the aid of travelers returning from the West. That money, at compound interest, has increased into the millions, and there is no way to spend it. It lies useless and accumulating in the trust company's possession.

One summer Sunday afternoon, the circus on the grounds across from our house, which had just arrived, set up its tents for the following day, and then took them down again because the animals showed the same strange restlessness that they had shown before when a hurricane was about to come. Soon a big cloud, black and copper-colored, came up in the southwest, swept toward us, and the rain, followed by a swift wind, struck us. The noise deafened us, and as we children started for the stairs, mother came hurrying down, bricks falling all round her as she called to us, "Go back, the whole house

is falling in!" The upper story had been crushed like an eggshell, and only the strength of the flooring saved our lives. The window-seat of stone crashed into the middle of one of the beds; bricks three feet deep covered the second floor; had the cyclone come at night, we would all have been killed. Several in the neighborhood lost their lives, and for the first time I beheld a human body out of which the life had suddenly been crushed. A trace of comedy appeared when a large colored man, blown through the glass of our front door, hung half-way in for a moment, then straightened up and said to me, "Boss, has you got an old hat I kin wear home?" The cyclone took only a minute or two to complete its devastation, and then the circus people went calmly to work reerecting their tents.

That night mother and I, dragging mattresses and quilts down to the lower floor, slept in the dining-room, while the other children went to the homes of friends. She had no insurance against this calamity, as tornado insurance was then practically unknown, but I do not remember to have detected in her any weakening, any disturbance of the tranquillity and the fortitude with which she had met all other calamities in her life. I do remember, time and again, when financial losses came, how she would calmly accept the situation, charge it up to profit and loss, and apparently forget all about it. She met the inevitable throughout all her life, as far as I

could see, with a certain equanimity traceable to some philosophy, some view of life, some religion. Taken all in all, most of the pioneer mothers, the women who pushed out into this western country, measured up to about the same standard as hers, fortified by much the same religion as her own.

One group of people with whom I have always rather closely associated illustrates perhaps better than any other the finest philosophy of suffering, the Negro race. They themselves seem to understand that the more unfortunate a person may be, the more likely he is to develop a strong religious faith. Nature and man have conspired to make the history and even the present condition of these people one of profound pathos. Transplanted against their will from their native environment, they have been put into conditions to which originally they were not adapted and to which even yet they are scarcely equal, into competition with an overpowering majority, handicapped almost beyond endurance, open to swift and deadly attack by disease, subject to grinding poverty, sunken in a morass of disadvantages from which it seems to them at times useless to struggle to emerge. I speak frequently to Negro audiences; I love to speak to them. They are quick of perception, instantaneous in response to humor, to any strain of the dramatic, to any touch of the religious. I consider it an obligation, whenever invited, to speak to them if I can possibly manage

it, believing not only that we of the fortunate majority should do all in our power to brighten their lives, but also that we should do everything we can to create better understanding between the two races.

One Sunday afternoon, when I had addressed some six hundred men and women in a certain hall, Mr. Nelson Crews, big handsome editor and politician, with a golden voice, said, "We will now sing for the doctor, because he loves to hear us sing, our own song which we do not generally sing for anybody but ourselves." They all knew what he meant and with instant attack followed his lead, without accompaniment, dividing on the parts and bringing out the harmony of "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Nobody knows but Jesus!" Old women and old men, former slaves, weaving from side to side keeping time to the music, closed their eyes as the tears started down their withered cheeks. I never expect to hear a song that gets to my heart as that song did.

I do not know whether it is their religion that has helped them, but I do know that they have a better philosophy of life than we of the majority possess. They have envy among them, but not so much as we; they lord it over one another, given half a chance, but more good-humoredly than we; they writhe under adversity, no doubt, but with more resignation of spirit than we, perhaps too much resignation. They are more cheerful and pay less attention to things that are luxuries to them and

that have become necessities to us. On the whole, I think mere things are less essential to their happiness than to ours. As long as they can be together, they can reach a certain content. I remember a prayer which a gifted Negro preacher uttered by the baptismal pond at sunset in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, which closed with these words, "And at last, O Lawd, when thou hast served thy righteous purposes with us here on earth, take us home to dat land where it's all howdy and no good-by."

Walter White, author of *The Fire in the Flint* and other successful books, correspondent of New York papers and magazines, though a Negro, could pass any time for white. Small, well-knit, with little black mustache and clear olive skin, he does not even appear to be an Italian or other south-of-Europe derivative. The first time I saw him, I came in late to a luncheon where a number of men had just finished eating. The only vacant seat, beside this natty-looking young stranger, I took. The conversation turned upon the novel *The Fire in the Flint*. I made some remark about it and one man hastened to say, "The author of it sits there beside you." In some embarrassment, I then said, "Well, I certainly have made an awful bull, because in my review of the book for my newspaper column I referred to the author as a colored man." Then a shout of laughter went up and the men said in chorus, "He is a colored man!"

When Mr. White travels, he stops at the best hotels and nobody ever questions him. He could "cross the line" any time and live all his life as white. When we asked him why he did not do this, he responded, "I don't want to. I am happier among colored people. I think they have a better philosophy of life, are less concerned with the purely material and respond more quickly to the spiritual, the artistic, the beautiful, the emotional, and are far happier than the so-called more fortunate people of the white race."

I have written at some length about the colored people because they illustrate, better than most of the rest of us, the right reaction to the suffering which natural law, as well as the pressure of the herd, imposes on us. Not a colored child comes to the age of adolescence without a deep sense of what we have come to call "the inferiority complex." They struggle against it all their lives, and although the inferiority itself, like the blizzard, may not be a blessing, still the manner in which they meet it, face it, overcome it, results in nobler character. This observation, perhaps, rightly belongs in a discussion of the ills deriving from social pressure, which must be reserved for another chapter.

Religion undoubtedly helps in time of trouble and actually alleviates pain. The stoic attitude of certain ancient Greeks, though brave enough, does not fill the bill. There can be, there should be, added to it a more Chris-

tian strain of actual recognition that a higher power reaches down a hand to help. A friend one time came to me, as I lay upon a hospital bed of excruciating pain, and said, "Burris, sometimes we never look up until we are flat on our backs." I know a little bit of what William Ernest Henley went through; and given his genius, I might have been the author of his poems about the hospital, even his one immortal poem *Invictus*, that rather defiant song sung with head bloody but unbowed. A man needs only to compose one such lyric in order to become for ever famous; but sometimes in order to write even one such song he must suffer as the Shropshire poet suffered, or as Robert Burns.

During my last hospital experience, in the late afternoon after an amputation, the chaplain of the hospital, my good friend of a score of years, rector of Grace and Holy Trinity Church, Dr. Robert Nelson Spencer, came to my bedside and said, "It is my custom on Wednesday mornings to bring the holy communion to any of the patients who desire it. I should be glad to bring it to you, Doctor, if you wish me to." I said, "Oh, I wish you would," and could say no more. The next morning at seven o'clock, he came in his surplice with a nurse bearing the emblems on a tray, read the beautiful ritual of the holy communion and gave me the bread and the wine. I could not even thank him, but such a service of sympathy and of deep religious significance, no man could ever forget. Reason as you please about the cere-

monial, and the historical associations of two thousand years that cluster round it, and the mystical appeal to the imagination, it none the less draws the picture of that strong Son of Man who wrestled on his cross of agony with this final problem of religion, and it gives a fellow-feeling with him, picture as he is of all humanity wrestling through all the ages.

Then a few days later came Bishop Partridge himself, of this diocese of the Episcopal church. He strode up and down my room talking freely and kindly, and then as he turned to go he said, "I think I shall give you my blessing." He crossed his hands upon my forehead and repeated the benediction. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." I defy anybody in similar situation to choke out the words, "Thank you." Yet I defy anybody to get away from the gratitude, the respect and affection, life-long in duration, that such actions as those of these two men produced. Not merely the actions, either, but the meaning with which those actions and words come freighted down the centuries, and the all but universal human tie that binds together the sorrowing race into one. This it is that renders the symbols so powerful.

Life knocks us all down, time and again, knocks us completely out with a blow to the chin, but we have a marvelous way of coming back, and life seldom gets us

permanently down, not until it gives us our final anesthetic. These knockout blows somehow fail to destroy our confidence in life and in the plan and purpose back of life. We do not need, nor are we able, to understand the purpose and the plan, nor even to know whether there is one purpose or many; but experience only strengthens our innate sense that somewhere and somehow there is unity and harmony in all the bent and twisted pattern of which we are a part. The best name we have for this consciousness which can not be knocked and beaten out of us is religion. We all have it; we never get far away from it; and the more we are beaten down, the more likely it is to spring afresh in our being. We believe in life, we cling to it, we plan for it, we expect it to go somewhere, to reach a goal, to meet fruition. There are times, to be sure, days filled with misfortune or perplexities, when we cry out that there is no God, there is no plan, there is nothing but chaos and cruelty, darkness and loneliness and pain, but these after all are passing phases, and for the most part we do not live as if we were lost in such a chaos of unbelief.

The bravery of the Greek stoic combined with the mysticism of Jesus who is well called the consoling Christ—this resultant religion will serve America well in meeting those troubles which all men must meet, that spring both from natural law and from the pressure of the herd.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRESSURE OF THE HERD

No man lives to himself, and no man dies to himself; and it is perfectly certain that if we all had to live to ourselves, we would not take long in dying. Many animals on the earth early found that they had to co-operate or perish, and men, no less than antelopes, elephants and wolves, discovered, millions of years ago, that they had to band themselves together into tribes or else succumb to cold, starvation or the attacks of their enemies. Such cooperation has so nearly become second nature to us all that, in our complicated civilization, we do not realize how soon destruction would fall upon us without it. We have only to remember our dependence upon the dairyman, the baker, the butcher, the stock-man and the farmer, to say nothing of the carrier, the railroad man, the electrician, the engineers who build and maintain waterworks, and the thousands of others who minister to our health, nutrition, warmth and safety, to understand what danger we should be in without their constant help.

Along with the inestimable benefits as well as the abso-

lute necessity of this cooperation go certain frictions, abrasions, dangers and tragedies. The milling of the herd can and does injure, sometimes slightly, sometimes seriously, the individual. Fate, as it appears in the Greek tragedies, and all down the centuries in epic poetry, in biography and history, in the dramas of Shakespeare and to the latest American dramatic literature, generally takes the form of some phase of social friction. Fate gets us in its clutches, which generally means that the complexity of the social structure gets us entangled in its meshes, ofttimes with dramatic and even tragic results. We can not live separately, and we have a hard time living together. Living alone, the operation of natural laws would soon overcome us and destroy us, and living together, we rub and bump against one another, produce irritations, sores, broken bones, jangled nerves and sometimes crushed lives. The problem here, as in the matter of the operation of natural law, consists in wise and brave adjustment to the pressure of the herd. Good sense and a good religion help in the solution.

The first circle of human beings that draws tightly round us is that most necessary and beneficent of primary social organizations, the family. That so much emotion, gratitude, love, jealousy, envy mingles with the persistent and powerful pressure of the family group upon the individual, only adds to the poignancy,

and in some cases the actual tragedy, of this inner circle. Now it is the husband or the wife who produces the friction, and now both produce it; most often, perhaps, the parents, though lovingly, mistakenly exercise unconscious but none the less deleterious tyranny over the children; and in most instances the task of opening the eyes of the victims as well as the more or less affectionate victimizers goes clear beyond the powers of the arbiter, whether physician or minister. Though people may take his word regarding most things with a surprising degree of alacrity, they find it next to impossible to act upon his prescriptions in family affairs. Of recent years, as I have repeatedly indicated, the minister has been able to avail himself of the valuable assistance offered by the psychiatrist. Little over a decade ago, however, no such helping hand appeared to succor him.

How slowly do we learn the lesson of the sacred inviolability of personality and its God-given right to develop along the lines native to it! How hardly do we oldsters comprehend that we have lived our lives, have had our day, and must get out of the road and give the young ones a chance. Often the question grows very nice as to whether the welfare of the old or of the young should prevail, but nine times out of ten the decision should go to the young. We old ones for ever think that we know best for the young, and in some instances undoubtedly we do; but we do not sufficiently realize

that the young quite as often know better what is good for them than we do. An old mother in a city near my home keeps her son slaving for her until he is forty-five and a daughter unmarried at forty-three. This dominance is nothing less than damnable. Filial piety, to be sure, shines among the beautiful virtues. Lear uttered truth when he exclaimed:

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

Limits exist, however, to the amount of gratitude owed to those who instinctively bring us into the world and more or less blunderingly take care of us in helpless infancy. That son long ago should have married, and the daughter too, and made homes of their own, and but for that bitter old woman, they probably would have done so. The birds teach us a lesson when they push their young out of the nest, a lesson we are often criminally slow to learn. Our American religion must teach us the sacredness of every child's personality.

Beyond the family come all the other concentric circles of society. Increasingly as we verge upon maturity, we feel the pressure of these circles, one by one. The child feels it at school, and part of the hostility of the average child toward his school springs from the social friction. In most American colleges and universities the same intensity of pressure cripples the per-

sonality. Freedom and yet more freedom must be found for the young in the educational process. The greatest teacher of them all said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The religion of America calls for the freedom of youth to grow.

Still wider circles of social influence close in upon our lives, sometimes without awareness on our part of whence the pinch comes. Great business concerns, vague and impersonal, regulate the conditions under which we work, the length of our hours and the number of our days, the nature of our tasks and the amount of our income. Powers that we never see, influence our supply of milk for the babies and the purity of it, the wholesomeness of our food and the price of our heat. Huge mail-order houses cut down and gradually crush out little private business concerns. Chain stores, chain banks, chain newspapers, chain everything, in increasing network, limit liberty, change the income and therefore affect the family life itself, homes, transportation, our necessities and our luxuries. A surgeon's income, though he does the same amount of operating, dwindles under the abolition of the small middle-class tradesman and the downward thrust of him into the wage-earning class. Church treasuries grow leaner from the same pressure of efficiency in business, cutting down overhead, concentration and cooperation, and mass production. Perhaps we could not live in

the modern world of high-powered competition between nations without this steel-like, glittering efficiency; at the same time, it grows increasingly difficult to live with it.

As for herd efficiency, a fine-looking mechanic, silver-haired but ruddy-faced, fifty-five years old yet in prime physical condition, came to me broken-hearted because he had been let out. Twenty years he had toiled for his concern, knew nothing else but the one job he had practised in this factory, and had nowhere to turn except to a couple of acres of ground in Florida where he must take refuge and raise fruit or chickens. The efficiency expert from headquarters had visited the branch factory where he toiled, had walked through and gained his impression and had said to the superintendent, "Too many white heads. Weed them out." And my friend had to go. Perhaps at that, he may be happy raising chickens for the next twenty years, but he will never get over the crack in his heart and the blow to his pride. Such prices we constantly pay for our organization into a social structure. Panaceas? Of course none can be produced to alleviate all the abrasions of the skin caused by our rubbing together in the herd, but surely religion and religious leaders have a word to say about old-age pensions. The much maligned "social gospel" seems a part of the business of religion in America.

Then, the envy we all feel toward those who have

gathered together more trinkets, more gear, more materials of one sort and another, more mere things, than we ourselves have amassed—envy, perhaps it is the greatest pain that afflicts the American continent. True, it has afflicted all continents, in all times, in all tribes, even the most primitive, but it would seem that modern America worships "the thing itself," with quite a different meaning to the phrase than that which the great modern philosopher attached to it, to a degree well-nigh unprecedented. Think of the heart burnings of the great armies in business, struggling with one another, shouldering one another, trying to outdo one another, and those, too, in the breasts of the reformers and dreamers and all the rest of us philosophers.

We are all egotists, and the proper balance between the assertion and the expression of the ego on the one hand, and respect for the egotism of the mob on the other hand, is one of the most difficult problems of life. To the degree in which we succeed in toning down the ego and adjusting it to environment, we become fine social products, but none the less the ego remains deep in every one. We accuse public men, politicians, officials, preachers, of egotism as if it were a crime in which we ourselves have no share, while all the time every one of us stands at the center of the universe for himself, and that we do not appear so to do comes from our skill and long practise in hiding the fact.

Political partisanship, necessary to the organization and governance of the herd, produces much pain and tragedy. To maintain popular government, we must of course form political camps, yet how difficult it is to be temperate in partisan emotions! How many beneficent measures have gone down in defeat under the grinding operation of lumbering partisan juggernauts! How the peace of the world, time and again, has suffered and even crashed because of the frictions between political parties whose principles in reality have no substantial ground for disastrous difference! I spoke one time from the stage of a theater to a large audience in Richmond, Virginia, and made some casual reference to Abraham Lincoln, not eulogistic, just an emphasis upon a strongly marked personality. I saw several people get up and leave the building, but thought nothing of it. When I had finished, and walked off the platform, my host and best friend in that city, Mr. Willie Hill, met me in the wings, and with a sad face and a sadder voice, exclaimed, "You have ruined yourself in Richmond! You will never get another invitation to this city." I inquired, "Is that so? How?" He exploded, "You've mentioned the name of Abe Lincoln in a public address."

I went down into North Carolina on that same trip, made the same speech and the same reference. Nobody left the hall, but a handsome old gentleman with venerable white hair and beard came up to me afterward,

shook my hand and held it warmly and said, with some sadness, "I liked your speech. I graduated from your college. But I was in the Confederate army, and I'm sorry you used the name of Abraham Lincoln in this part of the country. I want to come to your hotel and talk it over with you." He did, more in grief than in anger, for in the Carolinas the partisan intensity of feeling had subsided more than in Richmond. As it happened, I did get invitations back to Richmond to speak, and to the University of Virginia, time and again; but think of the torture, the bitter memories, the consuming hate that still burns in many hearts over old dead issues. Myself a son of the Confederacy and of slave-holders, even yet believing that if Henry Clay had had his way there would have been no Civil War and the slave would have been gradually freed and the union preserved, I am unconscious of any bitterness about it. Perhaps it is too far back for me, and northern and eastern education makes a difference, but it would seem as if the strongest partisan might lift himself out of the pain of hate.

I knew, and admired, and finally loved Woodrow Wilson, not, I think, because my people came from the South, for I voted consistently against Mr. Bryan, and for Roosevelt and for Taft, both of whom I also knew, admired and loved. From the time, however, that Woodrow Wilson lifted his head above the political

horizon, I followed him. I met him first in my home city, when I took him in my car to his hotel, the governor of New Jersey, just talked of for the Presidency. I opened the conversation with a reference to the University of Virginia, and I shall never forget the gesture with which he lifted both hands from his knees—sometimes we speak more eloquently with our hands than with our tongues—and exclaimed, "The most beautiful college buildings in America! Not so costly, and not the largest, but the most beautiful!" From the first speech of his, heard that night, I went away in a sort of daze. I never heard a political speech of that kind, so polished, so reserved, so perfect in diction, which paid so high a tribute to the intelligence of the listeners. From that time he claimed and got my allegiance. Mistakes? No matter about that. Every mortal man makes them; but he made far fewer than this generation gives him credit for. I met him four times all told, four times which marked the four periods of his life: next, as the strong, assured President, commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States; then as the missioner of peace, on that last fatal swing round the circuit, when Dr. Carey Grayson had told him he would probably pay for it with his life; and last, a broken, paralytic martyr, sitting in his car to drive out from the White House grounds, bending over his stick, a wisp of white hair escaping beneath his hat, a proud and power-

ful leader ground beneath the hoof of the partisan herd.

I have seen the herd in stampede when Colorado was an open cattle range, when at night the half-wild animals took fright at the lightning and the thunder—a sight I never forgot; and I have seen the human herd in stampede, which means war. Fear causes it, and the stampede destroys most that is beautiful in human emotion and human environment. Some things beautiful survive even in war, but at what price! That woman's face, thin and drawn as it was, seemed to me more beautiful than it had ever been, as she bade good-by to our two sons successively, both under age and both volunteers, from the platform of the station as their trains pulled out and they went to war. She did not cry; no, she smiled, but I hope never to see that frozen smile again.

I bade good-by to the older of those boys at Poitiers in France in the summer of 1918, and gave him up. I never expected to see him again. He was a pilot under orders for the front, and I was on my way to Brest to take a ship for home. The pilots lived on the average thirty hours in the air over the enemy lines. Some of them, to be sure, came through uninjured, like Eddie Rickenbacker, but others fell in the first hour like Quentin Roosevelt, my son's classmate and dormitory mate at Harvard. Anyway, I knew the chances were a thousand to one that he would not survive a year; whether he knew it or not, I was not sure. Every now and

then on that last day I cautioned him to be just as careful as he could consistently with his duty; and when the final moment came, and I stood on the platform of the train and he on that of the station, I dropped my hand on his shoulder and said:

"Now, kid, don't be a darn' fool!"

He looked up at me and smiled, and laid his hand on my shoulder and replied, "Now, Dad, don't you be a darn' fool!"

Those were the last words we spoke.

On the transport coming home, one morning, I saw on the blackboard in the smoking-room a wireless message that had come in during the night, "The Kaiser has asked Wilson for terms." Nobody can ever know, unless a gold star mother or father, the weight of the stone lifted off my chest when I saw those words. I knew then that the war was over, and I would see that boy again. Not an officer on ship, nor a correspondent, but believed that another year of fighting must ensue, at least another spring campaign, but that dispatch meant the end.

The American religion, with its compound worship of beauty and well-being and its worship of the ideals of the Christ, will somehow manage, please God, to lessen the pressure of the herd in human life and to increase the peace and happiness not only of our own people, but of all the world. This fine far-off result can not be come at in a short time nor by a quick and

easy road. There is no short-cut to so challenging an achievement. There it stands before us, the ideal goal, high and lifted up, a religion slowly taking form, noble enough to be worth the devotion and the patient toil of a peculiarly happy and powerful people.

CHAPTER XIV

SHORT-CUTS

America has a long way to go to reach her goal in religion. To bring back the Greek esthetic appreciation, the golden mean of balanced, intelligent and moderate emotion and action together with a high degree of physical health and well-being and comfort, and to restore at the same time the lost radiance of the Christian religion —such a task calls for time, patience, perseverance. Nothing so worth-while can ever be accomplished by a diagonal path, a short-cut.

When as children we used to walk about a mile and a half to the old Woodland school, two ways offered by which we could go. One led us by the wide white turnpike three-quarters of a mile due west, and then, turning sharply to the right, another three-quarters of a mile by the yellow clay road due north. A short-cut, however, offered an alternative. In the afternoon at four o'clock—for in those days school kept rigidly from nine in the morning until four—two ways lay before us by which we could return. One stretched away three-quarters of a mile due south on the yellow clay road, and

SCHOOL OF THEOLO

then turning sharply to the left, three-quarters of a mile due east on the wide white turnpike. We need not, however, go by this long road round; we could, and usually did, take the short-cut home.

When the bell rang at four and we tumbled out pell-mell, we could rush through the big back yard of the school at an angle over the marble grounds and the baseball ground, through the long foxtail grass and over the high board fence, out to the big common, then across it, down into the deep hollow—such a glorious old hollow in which to range and run, play sixty-out and hide-and-seek, and to fight where the teachers could not see us. Then, after exploring the hollow, we could emerge, clamber over the stake-and-rider fence—there was a gate but we never stopped to fool with that—into the big woods pasture. There we paused to explore the papaw thicket to see if the frost had bitten the big green fruit—like the banana only snub-nosed and foreshortened—into brown and yellow ripeness; next the blackberry thicket, to find if any were left; then the hackberry trees, the red haw trees, and the coffee-bean trees. Did you ever know the coffee-bean, or "cochey bean," as we called them in our young days in the Middle West? If not, your youth was ill spent. Not the timid little bean which we roast to make our morning cup, but a big, olive-colored, tough-skinned, masculine type of bean reposing in long pods in orderly rows, which you could

not break with a hammer until you had roasted it on a hot stove, when it popped open to surrender a meat more delicious—at least in retrospect—than any proud chestnut that ever graced an Italian's charcoal stove on a snow-covered corner. We used to play marbles and spin tops for "cochey beans" for keeps. We considered playing keeps for marbles a sin, but for "cochey beans," quite different; were not the woods full of them, and our pockets?

Through the golden hours of the late autumn afternoons, in the awesome mystic aisles of the forest and round the edges of the big pond, time slipped over our heads with the swiftness and unconsciousness of the passing cloud. At last, a dim inarticulate something telling us we would better push along, we wandered down the grass-grown lane, with its milkweed and its burdock, its alders and its poke-berries, over another gate into the turnpike, then over our own barnyard gate—we seldom paused to open it—to the side porch of home. When we took this short-cut—as much shorter than the roadway as the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is shorter than the sum of the other two sides—somehow we never understood why mother's face, as she stood on the porch watching for us, looked a bit dimmer in the twilight than when we came the long road round. Rather automatically we grew finally to comprehend that when father said in the morning, "We want you

boys home early to-night; we're killing hogs and you'll have to help," or when mother implored us, "Boys, come home just as fast as you can to-night; we're going to stack the grapevine trimmings and burn them; we'll not set fire to them until after you come, if you'll hurry home," the thing for us to do, clearly self-evident, was not to embark on the short-cut, but to get promptly out into the middle of the big road and with heads down, looking neither to the right nor to the left, make the dust or snow fly with a steady trudge, trudge, trudge.

I learned many lessons at that old Woodland school besides those in the books, perhaps more thoroughly than those in the books. At recess, round the water buckets which stood on a bench with tin dippers in them—I can taste the pine and paint on those buckets yet—where we all shouted, "Me first! My turn!" while the big fellows shoved the little fellows to the outskirts of the crowd, I learned the law of might-makes-right, and to-the-victor-belongs-the-spoil; and being rather small at the time myself, I imbibed a hearty dislike of that law which has never been lived down.

On those playgrounds, where some little girls wore lawn and ribbons, while others wore gingham and tied their pigtails with cotton string, and where to my untutored eyes the little girls of the gingham and cotton string were just as sweet and just as pretty and just as mysteriously appealing as those of the silk ribbons and

the dainty lawn, even though the silk visibly turned up its nose at the gingham, I early learned the law of social stratification, learned to hate that law, and I have never got over that hatred.

Many other valuable lessons sifted into young comprehension, dreamily, no doubt, as the chalk-dust danced in the level rays of the sleepy afternoon sun. The lesson, for example, that silence pays when dealing with a nervous teacher or anybody else nervous; not too much silence to be sure, but just the right amount of unsullen—may I coin the word?—silence; that patience must have her perfect work, particularly in such trying places as schools and prisons; that urbanity wins; that all you have to do is to listen closely and be accounted wise; that not much study needs to be done by the alert; that teachers and most other people may be deftly led off the subject in hand. But of all the lessons that seeped into the soul in that old Woodland school, none has proved more valuable in after-life than the lesson of the short-cut, that the longest way round is often the shortest way home.

The very school itself taught the lesson that there is no short-cut to knowledge, no royal road. A hard and inexorable rule this, but virtually without exception. Sometimes a brilliant flash of intuition may bring us a fact, a theory, a truth, but frequently at that it has wings and flies away. Knowledge comes only with toil,

more or less painful according to how great is the love for it, with the swinging of legs under high benches and the bending of shoulders over carved and ink-stained desks. Through all the later years, over and over again, sometimes with disappointment and a sense of the unending difficulty of life, the lesson has repeated itself that there is no royal road to learning. I have seen so many men, in college and out, trying to mount ponies and ride by some short-cut to the rewards of learning. The attempts never pay. All the knowledge of truth and beauty and value, with experience as the teacher, sometimes pleasant and affable, sometimes rigid and stern, that we can ever attain in this limited world—limited by our own limitations—can come to us only by the slow and painful journey along the wide roads of truth. To him who is a searcher for the truth, it seems scarcely necessary to say, and to him who is not, perhaps useless to say, "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

Maybe correspondence courses in stenography and typewriting, in bookkeeping and engineering, in languages, in the detection of crime, in music and drawing, have their value, although I have never seen any experts made that way. Possibly the advertisements that sooner or later come to everybody's eye, to the effect that conversational French, Parisian in purity, can be taught by Monsieur So-and-So in six weeks' time, for

a consideration, may be worth their face value, but one has grave doubts. Perhaps an aspiring youth may attain to efficiency as an architect by the method of absentee treatment covering a period of three months, but plainly the difficulties have to be considered. The principal pitfall of the short-cut courses lies in that proverbially dangerous thing, a little knowledge.

When I was about thirteen, I went out into the Gulf of Mexico in the little catboat belonging to a pilot, and spent a week at Ship Island in the days of the old wind-jammers. A dozen vessels, mostly Scandinavian, which then seemed to me huge things, rode at anchor in the roadstead, and we visited them all, conferred with the old sea-dogs who mastered them and with their younger mates, fascinating men. We went ashore and spent several nights with the lighthouse keeper and ate tasty stews which, as I remember, consisted mainly of tomatoes and rice with a little meat. We went for one night a dozen miles down the island to the Lazaretto, or home for sick sailors, where we held a dance for the convalescents. Only one fairly modern petticoat graced the group and, leading her, a girl of nineteen, into a corner for conversation, I found that the marooned young lady took lessons by correspondence from the C. L. S. C., which being interpreted means the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Her conversation opened with the question, "Can you tell me how the younger Pliny died?"

I had inclination to answer, with some expletives I had heard recently on board ship, that I never knew there was an elder Pliny, let alone a younger one, and was it some kind of pine tree? Instead of which, however, I wandered out to look at the stars in deep melancholy.

Ben Franklin seems never to have forgot some early lessons taught to him; for example, by a whistle, and by a grindstone; and the lesson of the short-cut, in like fashion, has gone deeply into the fiber of my being, even without the wisdom of Ben Franklin. Somehow, I never needed to be told that no short-cut to wealth offers itself to the average human being. Now and then some splendid piece of luck, oil on your lands, gold in your hills, brings a dazzled individual out upon the heights of affluence, but the general run of humanity, the run of the mill, finds material reward only after patience and long toil. I scarcely needed the admonition of one of the wisest men I ever knew to the effect that the only way to make a dollar was to turn your brain and your brawn to the task, then save most of it, set it to work together with your brain and brawn and annex another dollar and save all of it, then put both to work with your muscle and your brains and roll up another and another and another, by the method of slow accretion, like the snowball which begins so small, and costs so much breath and sweat before it grows large. Quick-got wealth has

wings; only slowly acquired possessions stay with us. The few exceptions to that rule only prove it. Only the gear that we have paid for with stress and strain of body or mind stays with us.

The first money I ever made came from picking raspberries for a neighbor, a nursery man and market gardener, down in Stumptown Lane. That name, perhaps prosaic to modern ears, throbbed with romance in our childish hearts. Now it has become a city street, paved with asphaltum and crowded with residences; but then it wound away from the great green hackberry tree in our pasture, at the corner of the big white turnpike which was part of the Santa Fe Trail, to a little straggling village named "Stumptown," just beyond the borders of our ten-acre "farm," consisting of three or four farmhouses. There stood the little white pigeon box where good old Doctor Earl had his office, the windows and floors cluttered with bottles, and his little old spring bed in a cubby-hole at the back. We called him in at our house whenever we had sore throats and biliousness, and he smelled of lobelia, cascara, licorice and all other humble chemicals. "Uncle Willis" lived in a little shack in Stumptown, milked his cows, churned his cream, and brought us buttermilk—the old black man, with his snow-white hair and beard, his black slouch hat, with plenty of air-holes in the top, his old mule with the rope-lines and the wonderfully patched harness, and his old

spring wagon bearing the rusty milk cans, its wheels wabbling from side to side and leaving a track like that of a snake in the dust. I made two dollars and eighty-five cents that first day in the berry patch.

Then the next money came from selling score-cards at the races, "Score-cards, programs for the races namin' each and every horse and his color and the color of the jockey's cap, ten cents, score-cards, programs for the races!" A big fellow, twice as big as I, also selling score-cards, tried to drive me off the grand stand and keep me on the ground where the crowds were thin. He threatened to throw me off, and pushed me down the steps; so I went up the other stairway, got right into the thick of the crowd between the seats where he could not get at me and continued to sell and to yell. I made four dollars that day and when I got home at dark could speak only in whispers. Next morning my voice came back and I kept on selling. At that time I was ten.

Soon, father having died, we moved into "town," and whether intentionally or not, mother taught me a lesson that backed up like reenforced concrete the lesson of the short-cut. A certain highly respectable, imposing-looking and successful business man, with big red burnsides and pretentious attire, owed the widow thirty dollars and tried to get out of paying it. She wrote him letter after letter, and sent him messenger after messenger. Finally one morning she said to me, "Go down to Mr.

Johnson's office (his name was something other) and get that thirty dollars. Stay till you get it." My mother, somewhat imposing-looking herself, big, handsome, queenly, talked as if she meant it; and accustomed to take her words for what they were worth, I now took them for literal instructions.

I went into Mr. Johnson's office about nine o'clock, asked for the money, got an excuse, and sitting down I said, "Mother told me to stay till I got it." He snorted and turned his back on me. By and by he put on his hat and walked over to the bank, and I followed him; he entered the office of the president, Mr. J. S. Chick, who knew my father and mother well, but did not recognize me, and I entered too. Mr. Chick said, "This your boy, Mr. Johnson? Fine boy, fine boy!" Mr. Johnson snorted again, "No, not my boy at all." I sat through the interview and when Mr. Johnson left, I left. Every place he went that day and all day long I trailed him; the fine boy stuck to him like a leech; and about four o'clock in the afternoon he gave me the money and I took it home to mother. Undoubtedly I earned that money but I earned something far more valuable which perhaps my mother intended that I should learn, that you have to put forth effort and manifest relentless perseverance to accomplish worth-while tasks in a stubborn world.

I have seen many people try to get rich quick, many already well-to-do try to get richer over night; but for

the most part, it can not be done. You have to know the ins and outs of any business to make quick cash, even in emergency or with sudden opportunity in that line of business. Gamblers study their game day and night and nobody else has a chance against them; politicians too; dealers in stocks and bonds also; newspaper men in like mannner. No amateur has any chance in any of these fields. Time was, to be sure, when America offered some exceptional opportunities for the speculative, eager to get rich quick, but America now has developed most of its natural resources and placed them in the hands of experts. Amateurs venture into these fields of development at their peril. I know a highly competent business woman, not however so competent as she thinks herself, who has made and lost three fortunes in her time by get-rich-quick methods. The last time she lost, she tackled the stock exchange. Thinking herself a universal genius, she thought she could play the market at long range, from the heart of the country, could stalk like a Napoleon of finance into the markets of New York. She lost everything, and now, nearing eighty, lives on the ragged edge of want. Perhaps the most serious type of blindness that affects Americans comes from the failure to see that as far as wealth is concerned, no short-cut exists, and the longest way round is the shortest way home.

The same thing holds concerning power, which in our

country means wealth, or else it means character. No short-cuts to character—one has to build that from the ground up, little by little from childhood to maturity, patiently, sternly, with head down and shoulders squared. All power except the power of character stands precariously upon its foundation; any accident can sweep it away. The power built on character alone stands sure. Naturally everybody desires power and influence, but the only way to get it and keep it is by building up a powerful nature, will, emotion, what we call personality. The supreme temptation of Jesus, I take it, sprang from this universal human desire for power—the last infirmity of noble minds—desire for influence over large numbers of fellow men. He saw quick ways to get it, the ways of the sword, the ways of the executive or emperor. He recognized in himself the ability to grasp these means which, in an empire like Rome that already gave signs of tottering to its fall, lay ready to his hand, but he refused them, preferring the long way round, the way of character which perhaps he knew would take thousands of years to bring him to his ascendent.

In the very lowest realm, what we call the physical, we find no short-cuts to the strong body, home of the strong mind and the strong spirit. I knew a fat boy, so fat that his fellows could sink their fists into him, could bowl him over any time, could outrun him, out-

wrestle him, beat him at anything in their play. He set to work to correct that condition. He got up earlier than any of the family, took systematic exercises, often ran five to ten blocks before breakfast, engaged in all the athletic contests he could get into, particularly wrestling and boxing, kept up this stern program for years, and by the time he came to adolescence, he stood out like an oak tree, solid, square, every muscle tough and strong, and able to cow any boy or even man by a mere threat of physical violence. He paid his price and got his reward. With equal determination and perseverance, perhaps most of us might be even physically far stronger than we are; and since, as we are learning more and more every day, the physical can not be divorced from the spiritual, and the sound body and the sane soul belong together as one, the life-long task of self-development pays in its results.

How easily this same thing applies to happiness. There is no short-cut to it. It is the reward, the by-product indeed, of patient toil and self-forgetfulness. So many try to get it by aiming at it directly and so miss it altogether. I have seen a bird on swift wing, dashing toward a certain point, failing to see an obstacle in the way, a barbed wire, a tree branch, or a pane of glass, strike its head and fall stunned or killed to the ground. Thus many a one who tries to find happiness by flying along a straight line, which is always supposed to be the short-

est distance between two points, may meet with disaster and wreck all peace of mind. And so often we hear people say, "If only I had just so much money how happy and comfortable I'd be." By and by they get that much money, they reach the point desired, and they are no happier than they were before, often not so happy. Or you hear a young person say, "If only I could marry him, or her, and right now, I'd be happy beyond all words." And we who are older grown smile within our hearts and know that the young person might or might not be as happy as he thinks. But this we do know beyond all shadow of doubt, that the mere consummation of this marriage, or of any marriage, guarantees no happiness. Some marriages, to be sure, are made in heaven, but quite as many are made some place else. In any event, they have to be made after they are made. It is only by patience, by giving and taking, by self-forgetfulness and by yielding, by large-minded and large-hearted love, that any marriage can be made successful.

The reader will already have anticipated the application of this principle to the religious life. Indeed all that I have been saying has its bearing, of course, upon religion, but insisting as we may and do that religion is a separate realm in itself, and admitting this just for the sake of discussion, it is plainly evident that the attainment of the richest rewards in the spiritual life comes not suddenly nor easily but only as the result of

long seeking and patient cultivation. If it is true—and it is—that all living is fine art, then it is also true that religious living is the finest of the fine arts. Art is always long and difficult; even geniuses have to learn, by toil and application, the elements of their respective arts. We need not think for a moment that Shakespeare gained his vocabulary, the largest that any Englishman ever had, by intuition; do not believe for a moment that he was born with his knowledge of human nature. He toiled for these things. Do not believe that Michelangelo spent no vital force in the mastery of color and of line in the great schools of Italian art; or that he wasted no effort and spent no vital force upon his great achievements. His very neck grew stiff and he could not look down for months after finishing his masterpiece upon the Sistine Chapel ceiling. Until you have watched an artist at work on his subject, you can form little conception of the infinite pains to which he has put himself, to say nothing of the long months and years of training for that one particular achievement. Shall we for a moment suppose that in that highest of all the fine arts, religion, we shall attain the greatest skill in a single instant or a single day?

For so long a time we supposed that the attainment of the secret of religious faith and practice could be reached by one single experience on one night of a revival. We talked as if there were one moment—a mo-

ment we called conversion—when we attained religion, or, as we used to say, "got religion." I would be the last to deny that such a thing as instantaneous conversion may have happened; there is too much evidence for it, beginning with the sudden conversion of Saint Paul; but I would humbly suggest the possibility of a long period of perhaps unconscious preparation for that one brilliant moment of revelation. We are beginning to understand a little now of what is going on in the subconscious or unconscious sphere of spiritual being. Of this much, therefore, I am sure, that though the mind and soul of man may be wonderfully swift in action, for the most part it is extremely slow of growth and of development. Though we are naturally religious whether consciously or unconsciously; though religion is not a thing to be got but is already an inalienable possession, it is none the less a thing to be cultivated and comes to its fullest fruition only with pains and long cultivation. Skill in religion is not acquired in a single day of exalted religious fervor or of conversion.

Ask any one who has had a sudden religious experience at a revival or any other such time, and if he is sincere he will be the first to declare that the whole work was not done on that day, that after his first confession of faith he was only a babe in Christ and that only with the passage of the years could he attain to anything like the full stature of manhood in him. The graces of religion—

unselfishness, honesty, love and sacrifice, patience and courage—these things are not attained in full measure by a single moment of revelation and high emotion. They come only with practice, and are the fruit of painstaking effort, of toil and tears, of frequent discouragement and bitter disappointment. They grow often in the soil of misunderstanding and ingratitude on the part of others round about us. They come only after many a fall and many an injury to ourselves.

I knew a woman once, knew her very well, better than I have ever known any other, a widow, who was father and mother both to her children almost from their infancy to full-grown manhood and womanhood. When she came out into the dawn of a summer's morning she would look up at the roseate sky or at the overarching trees and thank God for the beauty all about the old farmhouse. When she took a dipper brimming with water from the well in the hot afternoon of August she would drink from it and say, "Thank God for cold water." Of winter nights as the logs blazed in the big fireplace and the wind whistled or screamed round the corners of the house outside, she would exclaim, "Thank the good Father! We are so comfortable!" All this was prayer, not asking for anything, not imploring anything, only expressing gratitude, trust, affection. There is far higher skill in prayer than this, and she possessed it; but at least this is the rudiment, this is the beginning.

There is none of us, surely, but possesses this much of prayer, thankfulness. Shakespeare, who does not say much about religion, speaks of the opposite of thankfulness, "ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms." To go on from thankfulness to communion with the Father, to talking with him, to laying bare before him all the inner workings of our being, to living consciously with him in all our comings and goings and doings, this is the highest reach of religious skill, the finest fruit of the fine art of living. It is not to be attained in a day nor a year nor a score of years. There is no short-cut to religion.

Once I nearly lost my life trying to make a short-cut. A boy of about sixteen, I had enlisted with the "O. X. outfit" in the Cimarron country of the Colorado cattle range, a hundred miles south of Las Animas. I could not do much but trail along with the cow-punchers, wrangle horses, "rustle" buffalo chips for camp-fires, help fill the water barrels for the cook wagon on round-up, raking the green scum off the ponds or the pools standing in half-dry river-beds, help brand calves in the spring, and help ride the herd of beef cattle in the fall when thunder-storms broke over their heads at night and we had to hold the milling thousands into some sort of quietude lest they stampede. I could hobble and rope horses, and I could kill rattlesnakes with a quirt before sitting down or lying down with the cowboys on some mesa in the heat of the day under scrub cedar in a patch of shade.

EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

One day it was my task to go out from the old yellow limestone ranch house of the O. X. after a small bunch of horses beyond the river. I rode out in the morning, found the horses after some hours, rounded them up, drove them past a herd of antlered deer which paid almost no attention to us, back to the ford of the Cimarron. A narrow cut, just wagon wide, led down to the river on either side, and the stream flowed swiftly between perpendicular mud banks for many miles. When I had come out in the morning the water had been belly-deep for my horse; when I came back in the late afternoon a quick thaw in the mountains or a storm of rain had swelled the stream with a freshet, and now it roared along a good ten feet deep, with inaccessible banks on both sides. There was a ford farther up where the banks were not so steep, but it was miles away and meant that I could not get in to the ranch until long after dark.

I drove the little knot of horses down the cut to the edge of the flood, where they stood timorous and trembling upon the edge, but they could not escape me, and one by one daintily they wet their feet first and then desperately they plunged into the water and fought their way angling across. I watched each one of them as, the current dragging at him, he barely made the cut on the other side. Then came the turn of my own tough little bay mustang. He snorted as I tried to urge him in, turned, fought his way back, but I used the spurs on

him and at last he followed the herd. Soon he was swimming, diagonally across the torrent, the water clear over the saddle, and my feet up in the air, patches of white foam floating past us, it seemed to me, with express train rapidity. Down we went, inch by inch, foot by foot, while I despaired of his reaching the cut, and I knew perfectly well that if he did not make it, there was no way out either for him or me. He made a brave fight, and by the skin of his teeth or mine made the lower edge of the cut.

Another time, that autumn, I took the long road round venturing no short-cuts. I had to ride alone some twenty miles over the open prairie to the ranch house of the Z. X. outfit. The boys told me to follow the arc of the Santa Fe Trail which here made a wide bend, and not to try to ride straight for the ranch house. I knew what it meant to be lost on the prairie, and so I followed instructions. Even at that, the job was difficult enough, and my heart often in my throat. Many decades had passed since that old trail stood out plain and clear across the trackless plains. Only remnants of it remained, overgrown with tall grass and sometimes entirely petering out. When I lost the trail, as I did time and again, there was nothing for it but to make a wide circle out in front until once more I came upon eight or ten deep ruts in the soil, buried beneath the long rank grass. By the middle of the afternoon, with a relief that few but sixteen-year-old

boys can understand, I sighted on the horizon the little square stone structure on the swell of the nearest thing to a hill in that country. Then I forgot the Santa Fe Trail and rode straight for the house.

I know how hard it is to avoid attempting short-cuts in human life; but the old lesson has been proved in my experience over and over again that, nine times out of ten anyway, in everything with which I have been concerned, the longest way round is the shortest way home.

CHAPTER XV

"YOU ARE CRAZY!"

WHEN the rulers of Israel plotted against Jesus, fully aware of it he said one day, "You even go about to kill me." Then they answered him, "Thou hast a devil. Who goeth about to kill thee?" In modern parlance they said to him, "You are crazy;" for in those days, if anybody had a mental or nervous disease, showed evidence of being beside himself, people said he had a devil.

Whenever anybody in these modern days gets a strange hallucination, rides a hobby to a great extreme, we say to him, "You are crazy." If any one has read through these chapters up to this point, perhaps he is saying of me in his mind, "This writer is crazy." I should not be surprised, and I should not blame him; for I rather glory in the fact that all through my public life this denunciation has been thrown at me. It puts me in such good company, raises my self-respect, feeds my ego; for it is the favorite accusation of the general run of standardized people against explorers, trail-blazers, prophets; and I would give my most precious possession to be numbered among these.

The idea of this book, however, as I told you at the beginning, did not originate with me, and so I can not lay claim to the distinction of being crazy in my own right. Although I have groped for many years after this idea that the American people seeks to amalgamate the Greek love and worship of beauty, symmetry, health and well-being, and also the Greek mean, or moderation, with the natural radiance and the moral ideal of Jesus, I never got a firm grasp on it until I saw it put clearly and succinctly by Professor Moritz J. Bonn, of Berlin, in *The Atlantic Monthly,* of September, 1928. Afterward I met and heard Professor Bonn at Geneva and at Berlin in the summer of 1929; and to say that I was charmed with him, his beautiful English, his cosmopolitanism, his clear-cut face and personality, is to put it mildly.

Whether I have made out a case in this book does not concern me. I did not start out to make a case, but only to tell, as a faithful reporter tells, what he has seen and heard and to draw a few simple deductions. I have searched memory for half a century, looked over America as I have seen it from coast to coast but particularly in the Middle West, have regarded young people and old people in pioneer days and in industrialized civilization, as they reacted to joy and sorrow, hardships and ease, love and matrimony, and have declared the intuition, more than anything else, that the American people, pro-

foundly and ineradicably religious, are bent upon a search for the highest type of religion that, up to the present moment, the world has produced, the religion of the Fourth Gospel, the amalgam of the Greek spirit and the radiant Jesus. If this intuition strikes anywhere near the truth, it will stand. If it misses completely, it will fall. And there is the end of it.

Meantime, I like to be called crazy. When, in the 'nineties, I began my public career, people said I was crazy about the higher criticism, the scientific study and the literary appraisal of the Bible. That hue and cry, so vociferous at the time, has now died away, and every one studies the Bible by the methods of higher criticism if he studies it at all. A little later they dubbed me crazy on the social gospel, or sociology, principally regarding industrial conditions; but every one now who cares anything about the welfare of humanity, bends his mind to the amelioration of the conditions of labor and the well-being of laboring people; so I am no longer crazy about that. Next I was crazy about evolution, and some people felt so keenly on the subject that, if they could, they would have gone about to kill me and all my fellow-evolutionists. Now evolution has become a proved fact, no longer a theory; and I am crazy no more upon that subject. More recently, believing with all my might in all conferences, leagues, associations, courts, peace pacts and disarmament programs, in other words in all closer

international relations, and repudiating with all the power of my mind the figment of American isolation, many called me crazy over international fraternity. They still count me crazy on that line. More recently, I have gone crazy on psychology, and my church people said to me over and over about five years ago, "We are sick and tired of that word 'psychology' and that other word 'psychiatrist.'" Now they have quit saying that, and in public estimation I am no longer so crazy as I once was. Everybody else is going crazy over psychology; it has proved so valuable.

Fact is, that whoever differs from us is just so much insane; we know that, because what we believe, we believe so hard, with so much heat and emotion. Indeed what most of us believe, we rather feel than think. It seems, therefore, that when the other man thinks something different from me, there must be something wrong with him, the devil has got inside of him, he is beside himself, he is crazy. Since, furthermore, our minds all differ from one another—thank God they do, that is what gives us our chief distinction—then it follows that with so much difference of view we are all just a bit insane. Why, then, not accept the situation, and not go about to kill one another just because we do not agree? Can't we find a way out of all our differences without crucifying anybody? Perhaps it was best for the world that Jesus should have been crucified, but surely it is not best for

the world to keep on crucifying and killing everybody, at this stage of affairs, who differs in thought or action from us. We have come a long way since the time of Jesus. Can't we keep traveling along with more or less of harmony, more or less of peace and toleration? My thoughts are not your thoughts, my actions are not your actions, my age is not your age; but need I call you crazy or need you condemn me as insane? It is not easy to live together in this world at the best, why make it any harder by trying to dominate one another's thought and action? Can't we catch the sweet reasonableness of the Christ himself and cultivate it in our hearts?

For humanity is the same in all times and places. Today the old are insisting that the young have gone crazy, are running "hog-wild," are obsessed with unconventionality, are dangerous and daring and insane. It is so hard to remember that once we were as crazy as they are, only perhaps in some different way and without equal opportunities. It is an irresistible temptation to try to force the young to be adults like us, to behave just like us, and to shape a society and a world like that which we have shaped. I do not see that we have made much of a job of it, but rather pretty much of a mess of it, and I do not blame post-war youth for taking things rather boldly into their own hands and saying, "You've played the devil with the thing; now we'll have a try at it."

And, on the other side, youth can be quite as intol-

erant as age, and quite as inconsiderate. Youth can hurl epithets, "Moron, crazy, old fool, fossil, half-cracked, nutty, insane," and it is doing so. After all, no matter how emancipated we are, we really can learn a thing or two from some who have traveled over this road ahead of us. There really are some counselors, friends, that youth can find among the mature who might be of some value to them; I know of some who are eager to share the problems of the young and who are only waiting to be friends, philosophers and guides, if given half a chance. I am very certain of this one thing, that these two opposing camps of youth and maturity will not gain by fighting each other, by telling each other, "You're going to the dogs. You're possessed of a devil. You're crazy."

I have tried in this book to start queries rather than answer them. That is about all that talk is good for, is it not? We have stood together, you and I, by the side of the road, especially the American road, and this reporter has kept nudging you and saying, "Look there! Do you see what I see, or what I think I see?" Thus we have glanced at the religious beliefs of the American people, some of them fading out, some of them slowly changing like a dawn or a sunset, and some of them sinking into the darkness of a past which, whether we regret it or bid it a glad farewell, has certainly gone. We have noted how the church, necessary it

may be, but so full of inertia, at this very moment runs true to form and in harmony with its long history, and accepts changes of view and atmosphere with reluctance and only when forced to do so or be left far behind. We have seen the effects of scientific methods of thought and investigation upon the structure of religious thinking and even of ethical standards. We have found, what has ever been found, that change and growth quickens those outside the church just as speedily, sometimes more speedily, than those inside; that the busy world of our age, though it may not have eliminated our fears, has altered them completely, so that the pain of them at least hurts in a different place. With the incorrigible inclination of all maturity in all time, we have directed our searching investigation at youth, with approval or disapproval according to the personal equation, but on the whole with a feeling that American youth, at least dynamic beyond all precedent, will soon set about doing things of its own and doing them in its own way, a way that the world will notice. We have started the old query about the problem of evil—with a parenthentical question concerning the problem of good—and have fully realized that the test of a religion comes here, not as to how it solves this problem, but how it grapples with the problem.

If I have succeeded in making any affirmative impression, I hope it is this, that we have embarked upon a long journey, not a short one. If in five hundred years or a

thousand, should our republic endure so long, we approximate our goal of restoring both the Greek ideal and the Christian one, we shall have done well. To recapture all the meaning of the favorite Greek word "Light" and combine it with the favorite Christian word "Life"—that undertaking means a huge contract even for the most prosperous and powerful people in the world to consummate in half a millennium or so. Perhaps all that power and prosperity may turn out in the long run a handicap rather than an advantage, who knows? We would better not blind our eyes to the fact that the high endeavor will cost us effort and abnegation. We shall need to enlist youth and middle age for the entire campaign; to get out of the fetid hectic atmosphere in which both too much are living; to employ leisure yet more intelligently for the spiritual ends of light and life, art, music, literature, architecture, religion, everything spiritual; to find peace and placidity, time for and appreciation of solitude and meditation, the lost arts and the lost radiance both of Socrates and of Jesus. We shall need to regain the humanism of those great humanists, put the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, as well as the utopian dreams of Plato's republic, into business and industry, nothing less. We shall have to apply these same principles to the relations of one nation with another, ours with Great Britain, with Japan, with Germany, China and Russia—yes, Russia! We shall have to make war an outgrown anachronism, a belated bar-

barism. A long way to go, to be sure, a very long way to go.

Rome conquered Greece, yes; then Greece turned round and conquered Rome. Not by arms she did it, but by spiritual forces. She so wrought upon Rome that Greek ideals, Greek art, Greek literature, Greek poetry, Greek drama, the Greek tongue, became the most exalted things in Roman life. More than that, Greece spread her subtle spiritual influence all over the far-flung empire. She conquered the dispersed Hebrew people, the very Jewish boys in Asia Minor, in Egypt, clear back to the gates of the East and out to those of the West, put them into her universities and her stadia, gave them her learning and her athletic training. The classic world was a Greek world, and into it, a new and radiant torch-bearer, sprang the young Jesus. Gradually the Greek spirit permeated even those tribes of the north of Europe, barbarians, our ancestors, who poured down to the Mediterranean and then streamed back again carrying all they could shoulder and comprehend into their dismal northern homes. Unaware of Greek influence, they fought through the centuries of chivalry and crusades until the Renaissance burst in brilliance and in beauty over their heads. The ever living Greek spirit! Ages could not destroy it. It may be a new renaissance is coming out into the West, and in the middle of that blazing light marches Jesus!

THE END

2196

DATE DUE

BR 525 .J364 1930

Jenkins, Burris Atkins, 1869
-

American religion as I see
it lived

4,194